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POEMS OF  
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WEBSTER



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# The Hermit's Home

Grover the first

Yosemite

AND

Other Poems

BY

J. VINTON WEBSTER

AUTHOR OF AUGUSTA, ETC.



SAN FRANCISCO

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BY

J. VINTON WEBSTER

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Dedicated to  
my beloved daughter,  
HELEN WEBSTER CLARK,  
Ever kind, gentle and devoted to those she loves.



## Prefatory Note.

---

In preparation of the following poems, the chief purpose in view has been to instill love of humanity, love of the beautiful in nature and of the Divinity, who seems to be present with us in every work and aspiration for human betterment.

J. V. W.



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# The Hermit's Home.

## CANTO I.

On that fair eve

The hunt had spent its force; the tired hounds  
Tracked after me with pant and lolling tongues,  
Through groves of noble oak and hazel hedge,  
That grew in clumps about the spurs and crags,  
Till winding on beneath a rugged bluff,  
My pack in wonder stopped to bay a hole,  
Rockbound, with door-like arch and slanting roof,  
As if a porchway to a pillared hall.

I peered within, and as I gazed, I saw  
A frame in somber dress and seated on  
A stone, white-haired, and leaning on a cane.  
“Why art thou here in this lone place, amid  
These rocks and rugged hills, brush-clad and crowned  
With cedars green and whispering pines?”

He sat dumfounded at the sight of such  
Intrusion, rude, upon his cavern home.  
His eyes were large and full, with austere face,  
Deep-furrowed with the rasping years of time,  
Held council with a breadth of brow that told  
Of thoughts beyond the grasp of common minds.

An age, it seemed, he sat in silence there,  
And then it did appear he spoke, but yet  
No sound—as when a cloud too distant for  
The ear to catch the thunder roll, the flash  
Of light that blazes on its front, reveals  
A power there, prodigious in its wake.

In this suspense that told upon my nerves,  
A lark, with golden throat, essayed to sing  
His mellow evening hymn in heather high  
Above the cavern door, and as his lays  
Rang out and echoed sweetly up among  
The crowning peaks, the hermit's rigid face  
Relaxed into a smile, as when the moon  
Does half dispel the haze of dingy night.

"Why am I here," he said, "alone among  
These uninviting hills? Come in, strange sir,  
And since you stumbled on my hiding place  
And do persist in knowledge why I'm here,  
And since you seem to have a heart not prone  
To gibe the bitterness of human ills,  
I will confide some thoughts, in truth, that weigh  
Upon me heavily, with trust and hope  
That such revealing may you serve and save  
From many troubles common to your lot."

Reflection sat serene in every line  
Of that grand face, with eyes that seemed to burn  
In depth, like vestal fires never quenched.  
With amber fingers to his temple pressed,  
Half hid within his flowing hair, white as  
The camlet's silken fleece for winter clothed;  
With left hand resting on his sturdy staff,  
Unbarked, deep, knotted, curved about the top.

He sat and forward leaned, mute as the stones  
That pillared up the granite hall, with eyes  
Bent on the vale below, where ran a stream  
With shimmering light that fleck the willow boughs  
That gently swayed as fanned the evening breeze.

The sun, hazed in the western horizon,  
Seemed like a ball of blood which whirled above  
The gleaming sea, that sang its requiem



To all the dead who rock forever, prone  
And pale, upon its shining coral reefs.

I could not break the spell, it hung about  
My heart as if a dream of something I  
Had surely seen, in fact, or shadow-land.  
At length he turned and fixed his gaze on me,  
Deep set, but yet, with all, so kindly that  
I felt assured and braced myself to hear—  
As one who hopes, yet fears reality.

“I trust,” he thus begun, “No idle freak  
Has brought you hence, a wilful pry into  
My gloomy life, wherein the fairest hopes  
And bitter wormwood mingle in a way  
Which makes me wish that chaos could blot out  
The past and rescue memory from all  
The ills that weigh like lead upon my heart.

“’Tis true I’ve seen the roses in their bloom  
And with the sweet incense of myrtle for  
A guide to deep affection, I have felt  
The spell of woman’s love, that makes full bliss  
Or narrow hell to him who dares to claim  
The shining idol of his callow years.

“But let that pass. ’Tis gone! What did I say?  
O, what a wretched man I surely am!  
My youth was spent half-wild and proud about  
A growing city, further east. Its name?  
It matters not—suffice, it bordered on  
A deep and placid river near the sea—  
A mart of trade that sent its argosies  
Like phantoms flying from the fertile coast  
To traffic largely with the busy world.

“Here wealth displayed utility and pride  
In massive blocks of brick and granite built,  
With domes and steeples, silver-lined,

All rivaling in growth as if to reach  
The pinnacle of great vanity.

“Then to rear came a gentle slope  
That lifted up to higher levels, decked  
With fair abodes among the native trees—  
All interlaced with running vines and banked  
About with flowers most profusely.

“And in the distance, where the city lost  
Itself among the wooded hills, there ran  
A range which seemed a backbone of the world  
That lifted up into the blue of God’s  
Great arch, that spans this little sphere,  
As does some canopy a grain of sand.

“In this fair summerland my lot was cast,  
By parentage was to the manor born.  
With leisure, life seemed as a holiday,  
On which to labor counted as reproach.

“My home, pretentious and environed with  
A garden rich in native growth and sweet  
Exotics from a hundred sunny climes.  
I grew to relish nature as the birds  
That swing with song high on the lofty trees  
And drink the streams that flow like moving pearls  
Among the nodding lilies of the vale.

“My drill and education was the best  
The city could afford. My father wished  
Me for the ministry, and often on  
A Sabbath morn would bid my audience  
To songs and prayer within the steepled church.

“But then, I loved the music of the groves,  
And God’s great temples in the woods so well,  
That lofty-steeped sanctuaries did  
Impress my simple mind and heart as some  
Great vaulted catacomb, much like unto

The silent halls of Eserhadden, where  
Sad spirits whisper of the damned.

“ I much preferred the simple ways of Christ  
Who gave his lessons under olive trees,  
Or near the summer sea of Galilee,  
When twilight lingered over Bethlehem.

“ While thus engaged in thinking of myself,  
And manner of my future livelihood,  
An incident occurred that did upset  
My equipoise and sadden all my life.

“ ’Twas on an April morning blushing in  
To May. The Goddess Dawn, had beckoned up  
The sun a little way and as his eye  
Pursued the glowing, nymph-like form above,  
He sent a gleaming ray of luming light  
Toward the garden where I stood, and then,  
The tears, fresh fallen from the weeping night,  
Turned into jewels on the blooming rose.

“ The Daisy, from its golden disk, peeped forth  
With dripping eyes as turned each tear into  
A glowing rainbow, miniature in form.  
The Violet, long used by Io for  
Ambrosial food, and from sweet sherbet which  
The gods in truth designed for cooling draught.

## CANTO II.

“ As nestled they upon the warming earth,  
And blushing like some fairy maiden’s face  
In presence of the one she dearly loves,  
There breathed a fragrance not in words to name.  
And just beyond, the glowing Myrtle bloomed  
And showered forth its beauties on the ground,  
As when in rapture Horus gathered them  
To line the royal way which Venus trod,  
When from the bosom of the waves she came.

“ And so, on every hand, were nodding to  
Each other, jewels, most approvingly,  
To all who had an image in the heart,  
For things divine in ministry of love.

“ It seemed I stood in dreamland for a time,  
And then I saw a form upon the walk  
That startled me, as does a vision on  
The senses creep, of something fair beyond  
Control, and spells one stolid as a stone.

“ A little hand was stretched to pluck a rose,  
With wrist and arm no chisel could design;  
And then was lifted to my gaze, a brow  
I cannot well describe; suffice it then,  
The glow of beauty there displayed  
In form and face and every movement made  
That seemed a witchery of flesh and blood,  
Contrived, perhaps, in some romantic mood  
Of Amphion, with harp and song that built  
With exhalation Thebes, and temples grand.

“ Comparison sat dumb at that array,

And cynicism simmered into naught.  
Her beaming eyes seemed like two morning stars  
Withdrawing from the watches of the night  
And languid with the trusty vigil kept.

“While thus confused I stood, there came a sound,  
A murmur seemed it, such as one alone  
Does sometimes hear in dreams, when those  
He loves, draw near, in faith, to comfort him;  
And in its melody I heard these words:

“‘Since it seems this fairy place is not  
A garden grown to private use alone,  
But broad enough in heart of him who aims,  
To let the world in rapture gaze upon  
The beauty centered here, in betterment  
Of soul and mind, that leads to higher thoughts,  
I beg of you, who seem to have control,  
This rose, some jasmine and just a sprig  
Of that fair myrtle bough which hangs so near.’

“I could not move, but seemed entranced,  
And for a moment stood like one in sense  
Confused by sight of something new and strange.  
My tongue refused me utterance, and yet  
I reached to prune the jasmine, and then  
Meandering about the myrtle bough  
I plucked a stem of crowning shower bloom,  
Which, at its touch, pearl dew drops fell upon  
The earth with fragrance in their dying breath.

“And then advancing to the rosebush where  
She stood and leaving that the fairest hand  
In all the world had touched, and looking for  
A charmer, found a cluster growing on  
A single stem, just budding into bloom.

“And when secured the three she named in one  
Embrace, I handed her the gems and in

The act sweet vision met in duplicate  
And soul to soul seemed there revealed by light  
That trembled on the morning star of love.  
And then with graceful bow and smile of thanks  
She left me standing there like one who sees  
A charm or rainbow fading from the sight.  
When half assured I was not going daft,  
I plucked the rose she touched and folded to  
My heart as fond memento of herself,  
With blissful hope that she might come again.

“Each morning when the dew drops sparkled on  
The bloom and fragrance scented all the breeze,  
I clipped the fading roses, watching all  
The garden walks for that strange apparition,—  
Substance surely seemed it, yet in truth  
So fairy like, I was in doubt and fear,  
Lest solid earth gave no support to it.

“Thus engaged the mornings fled as came,  
Auroras lead, and disappointed in  
The watch I kept, with hunger in my heart,  
Withdrew to shade beside the waterfall.  
And yet the sight I longed to see delayed  
To come. So days grew lengthwise into weeks,  
And when despair stood in the breach of all  
My hope, she did appear as light of foot,  
As does a water nymph that leaves no track  
Behind her flowing robes and sylph like form.

“She seemed so much at home and glibly talked  
Of botany and all the glories of  
Her queenly kingdom while I cut and trimmed  
The daintiest voluptuaries,  
That, in fact, I lost the stupor of  
My comatose and gave her glib reply  
And compliment when dint of courtesies

Most finely shaded did allow the glint.

“ And with the thanks for flowers well arranged,  
She did extend her shapely hand and said:

‘ We live upon the hill, just where the climb  
Grows in the level space among the grove  
Which Eros planted in the make-up of  
His morning walk, when all the infant world  
Was stranger to the vine and stately tree;  
And as I have a brother studious  
And schooled in many things that seem to be  
Full cousin to your wish and bent of mind,  
Perhaps it would be time unwasted if  
You chanced to call on him for intercourse.’

It was enough of skillful hint to me,  
And thanked her did I graciously,  
As one who feels he's reached a step upon  
The blissful stairway leading to the skies.

“ For three long days I wandered to and fro  
Around about my home, like one who's lost  
Within a wood and sees the glintage of  
The sun through breakage of the shim'ring boughs,  
And restless that he cannot reach his goal  
Before the glowing light of day is gone.  
Discretion kept me harrowed thus, because  
I felt a rush to see the charmer might  
But willow hedge my aim and hopeful heart.

“ The third day waned at last, the evening sun  
Seemed loath to leave a land so sweet and fair;  
But go he must, and wiping dry his eyes  
Upon a silver cloud, and gave his brow  
A bath of shining mist to soothe, sustain,  
Then slowly sank into the troubled flood.

“ The time had come for action, yet my nerves  
Were tensioned like a harp with keys that could

Not hold the strings ; a dose of anodyne  
Did brace me for a dress in spotless garb,  
By sight of which more hearts are won than can  
Attain the solid wisdom of the world.



### CANTO III.

“The skint of night had harbored in the vale,  
And somber Ammon held dominion there  
Before I reached the hill on which she lived,  
‘Just where the roadway turned among the trees,’  
All interlaced, it seemed, with clambering vines.

“The house, full Gothic, gabled all about,  
With indent of veranda, ’questered in  
Each curve and turn; with mullion windows,  
Trained around with jasmine, potted plants,  
In every nook and curve, disabled for  
A larger hold; with trees of stately growth  
On every hand; and garden glories strewn  
About, as where sweet nature in a clime  
Of tropic sun sheds warmth and showers on  
The earth, profusely, as the heart and eyes  
Of loving Byblis for her brother Caunus.  
In this elysium lived my charmer,  
Sweeter for the sweets surrounding her.

“The days went by without a shadow on  
Their fleeting wings, and all I do, in truth,  
Remember of them is that as they sped,  
Sweet incense showered in their balmy wake.  
My books forsook me as stern judgment does  
A myth, and stared from every shelf, as if  
To say, ‘Leave us alone, your head is turned,  
And till your senses come again, presume  
No handling of our pages while in love,  
For solid substance, such as we contain,  
Can hardly reach an appetite that feeds  
On Julep, mint and things ambrosial;

But foolish man, remember this: The time,  
When hungered you will be for other food,  
Will come and weigh like lead upon your heart.'  
As one who glibly sails a summer sea,  
Unmindful that the monsoon breeds within  
The torrid zone, I laughed the warning out  
Of breath, as some old loon with upper room  
To let, and kept the giddy paece of one  
With goggles on, who views the crumbling earth  
Beneath his feet as fields of evergreen,  
Until the stumble of destruction comes.

"The climax, autumn spanned, was reached at last.  
Fair Ceres stood among her golden sheaves,  
The fading green upon the rustling leaves  
Denoted change, their song was sad and in  
Their yellow melancholy whispered to  
Each other of the fall awaiting them.  
The gentle convolvulus, winding up  
Its cups upon the garden's granite wall,  
Entwined about with spray of rosemary,  
Did seem as if in faith were holding forth  
To me a bud, while stood I there, and she,  
With downcast eyes and sprig of myrtle in  
Her hand, as showered on the earth its sweets,  
That nimble fingers deftly plucked away.

"There was no other word to say than that  
Which struggled to my lips for utterance.  
It came at last, and I, upon my knees,  
Without response she gave to me her hand,  
And in reply I held the jewel to  
My heart, as one forgetting all things else.  
The rest I cannot say—no tongue can tell—  
Suffice it that the bliss of all my years  
Had melted into one delicious kiss,

While words were dumb upon my fevered lips.

“The day was set when we should be as one,  
And twine our souls about the same fond hope,  
To glide along the coming years with spring  
Forever present in the heart.

Time sped on, the day approached, and then  
There came the dirge, as when the summer  
Fruitage feels the chill of winter's blast  
Without a note of warning for the change ;  
Or as a malefactor, high in hope,  
Is dropped through darkness on to hungry hooks,  
When all the world is blissful to his sight.

“’Twas on an evening tide that sat upon  
October's rim, while raw-winged winds shook down  
From shrub and stally trees their yellow leaves,  
Sad emblems of decay and flight of time,  
When Beatrice said to me,—that was her name—  
‘Dear Leon, do you know there is for you  
And I, a double welcome down the way,  
Tonight, at Madam Rollins, where the stars,  
That now are coming out, will be eclipsed,  
And make the golden sun seem dim at noon.

“‘All the fashion and elite of this  
Fair town are certain to attend, and then  
A Count, late of Marseilles, is billed  
To be on hand with gaudy retinue,  
And all the gems and silver-slippered sweets,  
The burg affords will swing in retiform  
To catch, the ambling fortune hunter, with  
Gold bricks and shale of great gentility.  
Of course you'll go, for ere the autumn frost  
Is gone, we will be wed and into bed  
And playing cosily at hide and seek.’

“Of course, I could not otherwise than go.

It was a brilliant throng, a modern day  
Affair, in which the ballroom floor was but  
A sea of whirling silk, too short above  
And much too long below, as when in glee  
Fair Venus makes a skirt of rainbows,  
Gathered at the waist and all above,  
A glowing mist of airy nothings set.

“ My winsome love was fairest of them all,  
A gorgeous piece of mechanism where  
Sweet nature struggled with the milliner  
To gain supremacy. At points they were  
So intermingled that the practiced eye  
Was doubtful where the frilling ended, and  
The solid flesh began its mastery.

“ I reeled and swung with her but once, she said  
I was too slow, and hugged so tightly too.  
She never lost a skip till daylight dawned  
Upon the eastern hills, and seemed a thing  
Of meager gauze and blushing energy.  
The Count, superbly dressed, with diamond  
Glitter in the front, and waxed mustache,  
With parted hair from crown to sloping brow,  
And counted rich in lands he never owned.

“ And seeming like sleuth hound full on the track  
Of some large game, he singled out my love,  
As does a trapper after otter skins,  
Because the fur is fine and meat the best.  
The Count, in prying, learned clandestinely,  
Her father was a multi-millionaire,  
So vied with all his wits to win a gem,  
Profusely jeweled with the banker's cash.

“ Quadrille did press upon quadrille and waltzed  
He did with her some dozen times, with all  
The grace and elite of a nobleman.

And in the welcome rest between the heats  
I caught them in a cosy corner with  
Their nodding heads together, like two doves  
That bill and coo the fading twilight through.

“This was too much. The shaft of jealousy,  
Distilled in gall, did send its poison through  
My blood as adder sting that knows no cure.  
I hid away from sight as does a bird  
Deep wounded at the heart, and when the time  
Had come to go, she bid the Frenchman call  
On her, with look that did betray a sigh,  
As when one longs for something not possessed.

“As home we went I chided her for such  
Display of freedom with a stranger Count,  
And wished to know, that since we were engaged  
And near our wedding day, why she had bade  
Him urgently to call, as one who held  
As souvenir your heart and household keys.

“At this she sulked in silence for a time,  
And then with blazing face that paled  
The rising sun's full glare upon the hills,  
She said, ‘You are impertinent beyond  
Endurance, sir, and seem to think I'm but  
A jug of common pottery or urn  
In which to store and hide your jealousy,  
And bow submissive to your will, as one  
Who bends like willow boughs before the wind.  
I'll have my way and do and dare my right  
As woman free; and from this hour call  
Engagements off; the die is cast, the Count  
Will take your place with winnings on my side.’

“I stood, when she had left the carriage at  
Her father's home, as one half dazed—  
As one who gathers from the ground his limp

And trembling limbs, from fall prodigious in  
Its height, and staggering, seeks a resting place.  
I sought my home, the cold sweat stood upon  
My face, my hands did shake as does an aspen  
When a storm sets from a brimming sea.

“ I felt a choking thirst and pain, no one  
Can ever know, save him who has gone through  
The fate of love without a recompense.  
A raging fever came upon me like  
A venomed wolf upon a stricken lamb.  
The struggle lasted full a month, and more.  
The mind, with balance gone, did wander like  
A spirit lost, and darkness, woven from  
The sable wings of night, pressed down upon  
My troubled senses like a canopy  
That's fallen from its shaky moorings.

## CANTO IV.

“O, thou unending Time!

That measures minutes and eternities,  
The gentle balm and trouble soother of  
All human ills, in thy embrace I found  
My recompense, as when a grieving child  
Seeks consolation on its mother's breast.  
The glowing spring, with all its fragrant bloom,  
Did beckon me to health as comes,—  
As comes the weary prodigal to share  
The love and comfort of his father's home.  
And in this waiting on sweet nature's process,  
Leaned I for that strength that comes of rest,  
As does some ruined pensioner on God,  
When life seems but a blank of destiny.

“'Tis true that reconciliation with  
My lot was hard of fair adjustment, for  
My hopes were but as withered leaves strewn upon  
The ground by bleak untimely winds before  
The summer had matured its blushing fruit.  
A year had passed, with glimpse of sun and much  
Of sable wing, since first I met the charm  
That kills or cures a potent phantasy  
Which runs in streams that float the fickle ship  
Beyond the moorings of security.

“Thus hopes are shivered into atoms by  
A single word, and darkness settles down  
Upon a soul that sees no light beyond—  
Neither had she sent a word to me  
In all the weary weeks I wrestled with

This demon, death, and striving hard to hold  
My mind above the grasp of lunacy.  
I saw her not, nor cheering word received.  
The Count, as I have understood, became,  
In fact, her daily escort, rambling where  
The woods were green, and hand in hand along  
The shaded stream where shining pebbles washed  
Their faces when the morning sun came up.

“Conceiving of the prime advantage that  
A blue-blood union, coupled with the name  
Of ‘Count’ would give their daughter in the world  
Of strut and giddy fashion, sire and dame,  
Of low estate, yet rich in corner lots  
And bank accounts, were anxious for the trade,  
As he who seeks to gain a blooded horse  
With lucre, huxter made, and filly fair  
Of mustang breed.

“So pledged they willingly some millions cash  
To bridge the gulf that sadly separates  
The clink of ducats, vulgar, from the prime  
Respectability of blooded prince,  
Sprung from a castled Lord, brave in his own  
Defense of many robberies.

“Beatrice, it seems, in wilful mood had kicked  
Considerably before she was disposed  
To pull the way the Count essayed to go.  
It does appear she had no depth of love  
For him, and doubt of happiness did make  
Her saw a cord of boards, with sire and dame  
Before she gave her word and full assent  
To take the name of Countess Halowell,  
And make abode in ruined castle on  
A hill, rock-ribbed, with scanty shrubbery  
And crumbling walks, on which the skin-dressed Lords



Of olden time had broiled and eat their game,  
With twisted legs, prone on the stony ground.  
O, wonderful indeed, the fool a man  
Can make himself, when crinolined  
To dizziness and love-sick to the eyes !  
If he could ever learn to bear the brunts  
Of little piques and spites and jealousies  
So common to the frilling female heart,  
And always have the wit to smile and bow  
With compliment when sore and angry at  
The sting of slight, his conquest would be sure,  
Though hedged about with moat and brazen guns.

“ But let that pass—all opportunity  
Is gone to rectify the errors of  
A day distilled in bitterness of soul.  
Suffice it that I had no longer hope,  
Nor wish to prosecute the law, which I  
Had chosen as an aid to reach the round  
Upon the ladder leading up to fame.  
And so, ambition sitting in the dust  
And playing quits with all the bitter past,  
I quietly disposed of walks and tenements  
And lands, at prices fair, but not the best.

“ Then packing full my buckskin haversack  
And saddle bag, with ample blankets rolled  
Behind, I mounted Sanger—such a horse  
As all Bedouins love to own and prize  
Above the shining pearls that showered on  
Fair princess of the East by lavish hand,  
Or tinsel show of some great conqueror.  
Black as the raven's wing, full-headed, round,  
With ample girth, broad breast, limbs of steel,  
Yet nimble as the antelope that runs  
Before the wind, like mist in shadow-land—

My sturdy spenser, breech to saddle breach,  
With muzzle, stirrup pointing, handy for  
My major hand, in case of urgent need,  
To manage most conveniently.

“ Thus mounted on my charger for a tramp  
That spans the continent. Good Rover stood  
In wonder, looking at my 'couterments,  
And waiting for the word to follow on.  
Faithful dog! Newfoundland, scanty half,  
A shepherd, quarter, and the balance bull;  
With hide all lined with silky hair that grew  
In spots of black and white, with here and there  
A skint of glossy tan, that came to him  
Legitimate, upon his mother's side.  
His face was of that kind that plainly gives  
Assurance of integrity in man or beast;  
With ample brow and brownish eyes that did  
Display intelligence that plainly said,  
As any words could tell, ‘ You are my friend  
And loving master, be thou well assured  
I follow wheresoever leadest thou,  
Though lurking death be in each track we tread.’

“ A narrow, angling pathway followed up  
On easy grade to higher ranges, checked  
The steed, and turning looked we down upon  
The city, as the morning sun brazed  
Every roof and dome and lifting spire,  
Flaming like the great Promethean fire  
God kindled on Olympian crags.  
I blessed the gainly town, and wept at my  
Discomfiture, like one who leaves his heart  
Behind, in search of desolation.

“ Finally, as moves the mourner from  
The grave of one he loves, I faced the west,

As singing pines, paused in their morning hymn,  
And bid the blazing sun take precedence  
Of all the gentle breeze's murmurings  
Among the groves that crowned the azure hills.

## CANTO V.

“The winding way we diligent pursued  
Across sweet streams and little sunny vales  
And on through woods that knew no haunt of man,  
Through brush and tumbled trees, wind shaken in  
The storms that measure potent strength with Fo,  
And when the day had spent its luming force,  
With stretching shadows lank and sere among  
The burnished trees, that told of night’s approach,  
While in the hushing sunset hour, sat  
In worship of the failing day, there came  
From high within the arching limbs a sound—  
A mellow song of sweetest praise to Him  
Who made them in the early ages of  
The world, to live beyond and far above  
The troubled lot of man, who knows not God  
Is ever present in his works, but seeks  
The talisman of happiness in grim  
Pursuits of wealth, which wither in his grasp,  
Like dead sea fruit, that in its bitterness  
Can never satisfy the fickle heart.

“As faded tips of light, and haze of night  
Began to hang like mantles in the woods,  
We reached a little vale, cut through with stream  
Of shining water, singing on its way  
To meet the brimming river as it moves  
To mingle with the tides that rock the sea.

“Here on the streamlet’s brow and gentle slopes  
And in the little vale, the green of spring  
Just budding into summer bloom, did laugh

Upon the earth, and over all, the oaks,  
With outspread arms, in solemn grandeur seemed  
To whisper from their moving lip-like leaves,  
'Peace be to those who dwell within our shade  
And will essay to worship with us when  
The evening comes, and glory in the King  
Of day, when through our boughs He darts His shafts  
Of gold upon the sod beneath and all  
The floral beauties at our feet do send  
Up incense as we praise.'

"A little fire kindled by the stream  
To hold a shining teapot and a pan  
Did seem as sacrilege in such a place;  
And when the frugal meal had passed,  
Its licking tongues let go the smutty sticks,  
While darkness spread her mantle in the vale.  
And in the interval of pause and night  
Had Sanger fed upon the grassy slopes,  
And being sated sauntered up to us;  
With shining eyes, and rubbing nose upon  
My knee, did say as nearly as a horse  
Can say, 'How much I love thee for the care  
You take of me and to allow my romp  
With loosened rein upon a pasture rich  
In all things sweet and rare;' while Rover  
Came and cuddled at my feet, with jaw  
Upon his brindle paws, and looking in  
My face, as one who studies into depths  
Beyond his keen, for divination of  
The soul of man, that he may know and feel  
The spirit moving there, the better to  
Perform his ever willing services.

"There and thus environed, blanket wound,  
With overcoat for rest of head, I dozed,

And dreamed and looked into the stellar world  
Where in its azure, burning lamps hung out,  
As if to aid the pigmies of  
This world to learn the sober lesson of  
Our littleness in God's unending  
Universe and call reflection to  
The phantasies and selfish ends we seek,  
And thus to give us more of heart and mind  
And human sympathy for pressing ills  
That others bear unceasingly.

“Most commonly the sweetest hearts are those  
That suffer most, while smiling fortune is  
The honey-worded dragon, often  
Leading down to cold disdain of those  
Less fortunate in worldly things, and with  
A smile puts off distress with promises,  
Until too late to rectify the wrong.  
O, man! of but a day upon the earth!  
Why play with conscience in the rush for gain  
And dig your grave upon the brink of hell?

“Thus engaged in thought the dreamy night  
Advanced a pace; the air seemed burthened with  
The hum of insects, mingled with the sound  
Of rustling leaves that stirred and fell as passed  
The breezes through the branches of the trees.  
And while I listened, still and mute to all  
This melting harmony, the night crow's caw  
Was heard upon the hills, and then in sad  
And rasping cadence came the whip-poor-will's  
Ungainly call, as if distress oppressed  
Its loneliness. And finally, as cap  
To crown the glory of the waning night  
The Philomela of the ancient world,  
In all the sweetness of its mellow tones,

Far back in darkness of the somber wood  
Commenced his saddened lay that hung upon  
The ear like some sweet cadence coming from  
The vale of childhood's fairyland, or where  
The blessed forever tune their harps and sing  
In praise and presence of the Infinite.

“ How long these charms from dwellers in the vale  
Did hold my spirit wakeful in the arms  
Of sleep, I never knew, but when returned  
To consciousness, the morning sun had tinged  
To gold the feathery tops of all the pines  
That grew and shimmered on the mountain crest.  
Good Rover stood nearby, and with a whine  
And paw upraised, seemed anxious to direct  
Attention to the singing brook, where stood  
A lovely fawn, so trim and perfect in  
Its form, that Bonheur never painted such,—  
With slender neck and head and ears erect,  
And yellow eyes most prominent, it stood  
Upon four shapely legs that shames all art  
In reproduction of their counterpart.

“ Its body round, in color spotted, like  
The sky when snowflakes start toward the earth.  
‘ Buck-ague ’ seized good Rover in the joints,  
And with his paw uplifted, pointed to  
The fawn, as if to say, ‘ See ! there’s your chance ! ’  
I shook my head. He then, as if afraid  
The fawn would see his moving form, crept on  
His haunches to my gun, and placing his  
Right paw upon it, gave a low, deep whine,  
With look surprised at my indifference.  
I shook my head again, when he did growl,  
And muttering rage, essayed to catch the fawn,  
Which nimbled off in graceful leaps and bounds

That measured land beyond my view before  
Poor Rover reached the running stream.

“ With not a cloud the jeweled day wore on—  
The sun had traveled in his car of state  
Across the sky, and now was looking at  
Me through a passing ray that hung upon  
His upper limb as sentinel to call  
The busy world to evening vespers, when  
There came in view a fox with tired pace,  
And running thwart the vale, there followed it  
A sable bear, full tilt, with jolting jumps,  
As if possessed to have a dinner ere  
The night should flood with darkness all the world.  
My gun lay handy by and ere the cub  
Of Bruin bounced his prey, a shot rang out  
And brought the king of Urus to the ground.  
Before I reached its side old Rover ran  
Ahead and putting forth his paws upon  
The beast did laugh with lolling tongue and in  
His eyes there seemed to be a passing thought  
That plainly said, ‘ I do forgive you for  
The fawn you spared, for now we have, in truth,  
The better game to feast upon.’  
No hunter ever bagged a finer prize ;  
His hide ran slip’ry with the oozing oil  
Before its final severance from spine  
And flaking fats, that made its form appear  
Like some prime log, rolled from the hills when snows  
Of winter feel at heart a gentle thaw.  
Sweet steaks and spitted ribs and spicy stews,  
With watercress and baker’s bread brought from  
The town, surpassed, it seemed, King Arthur’s fare,  
In olden time, when skins were clothes, and men  
Of greatest estate sat by ‘ the table round,’



In converse of the chase, with mountain goat  
And venison haunches piled to make the feast.

## CANTO VI.

“ For three days longer lived we in this fair  
Abode of rest, where selfish man has not  
Essayed to take God’s beauty from the earth  
That lucre might accrue to lust of wealth.  
These days were as a balm to me, mind-sore  
And harrowed to the heart with false conceits  
And ruined hopes, blank with uncertainty.  
Each amber evening, with its crescent moon  
And star-lit canopy, brought back the hum  
Of insect life, the sound of rustling leaves,  
The qualking, forked-tongue crow, with echoes from  
The sad-mood whip-poor-will and nightingale’s  
Consoling notes of sweetest melody.  
Perhaps it was ordained that each should take  
His chalice brimmed with gall, to learn him of  
His littleness and cleanse his midget soul  
Of selfish ways and struts ungainly made.

“ ’Twas on a Sabbath morning, such as must  
Appear in Paradise, where flow in peace  
The limpid streams with verdant slopes through zones  
Of stately cedars, topped with mellow light  
From golden suns, steadfast in purpose to  
Dispel the shadows lingering in the woods,  
That we essayed to leave the charming vale.  
With bear meat jerked, and hardtack left, some ham  
And condiments, with all our camping traps,  
We buckled on stout Sanger for a start.

“ Still sore in memory for all I’d left  
Behind—fond friends, and many talismans

Of hope, with saddened soul and heart oppressed,  
And mind in stagger with the hard resolve  
To brave the wilderness and arid plains,  
Least common to the haunts of men, to go—  
I knew not where—perhaps to distant shores  
That border on the Occidental sea.

I made the mount and gathering up the rein  
For early start. To my surprise I did  
Observe a wood lark hopping up among  
The branches of a blooming hawthorn tree,  
Not twenty steps away, and when he'd reached  
The topmost bough I noted that he had  
A broken wing, that limp and sore hung from  
His shoulder blade. A moment's rest, and then  
With chirp and underwarble, seemingly  
To set his tune, commenced a song of praise  
So deep and soul-enchanting that I sat  
Like one delayed by messenger from Him  
Who seemeth to have given cadence to  
The warbling bird to soothe the fevered brow  
Of care and fan to life and sparks of flame  
Hope's dying embers in the troubled heart.

“The silver, laughing stream, the solemn woods,  
The echoes from the hills, seemed drinking in  
The glory of that tender song, as if  
'Amens,' were breathing from them all.  
I blessed that lame-winged lark that did forget  
Its own distress in that sweet hour when  
The lifting sun told of the Infinite,  
Who sanctifies the pure in heart and lifts  
Toward the upper world the aspiration in  
A song of gentleness and praise.

“Consoled and comforted by that sweet song,  
Like Æneas, son of Anchises, sore in mind

With sable hopes, faced westward from the site  
And ashes of Old Ilium, seeking some  
Asylum far beyond his ruined home,  
We sped our way through pathless woods, deep glen  
And coves, across the trails of man and beast,  
High hills, green vales and dreary waste, where skipped  
The deer and blear-eyed hare through stunted sage,  
Sore pressed for drink and substance on the plain,—  
Some day, perhaps, to bloom as does the rose  
When water comes and tillage takes the lead,  
When happy homes shall dot the land, as does  
The whitecaps line the mighty sea.

“Then on and on, and up the mountain’s slopes,  
And on by crags and peaks that seem to hold  
The upper world above the azure vault  
Of famous Lebanon, and on the slopes  
And levels down below great cedars grow;  
Where mountain daisy, primrose and the crocus  
Intervening, seemingly, that fair  
And gentle nature in her grandest courts  
Is ever anxious to display her love  
And care of all things beautiful.

“We paused to rest and worship in these woods,  
In grandeur nearest God of any land,  
Left on the earth, unknown and scant explored.  
Then on and on we moved by narrow trail,  
Unkept, and winding down the mountain side,  
Through ancient groves and dells, by singing streams,  
Until the rolling hills and sunny plains  
That stretch to westward, lost in haze, beside  
The sunset sea, fell on my vision like  
A fairyland, or Tadmor where the palms  
Spread forth their leaves, inviting to the shade.

“Wearied with three moons of lonely tramp,

Through every phase of scene and varied clime.  
At last we found a little, laughing vale,  
With western outlook on the shining sea,  
In length a league and scarce one-half as much  
In width, with soil as rich as skirts the Nile,  
And climate unsurpassed upon the earth ;  
Fine clumps of oak, as if on guard were placed  
About the vale, while here and there through all  
Its length stood single sentinels and some  
That seemed relieved of duty for the time,  
And tattled, two or three together in  
A place, like busybodies do who have  
Some scandal to report, in whisper or  
In pantomime.

“ A limpid stream ran near  
The southern verge of this fair land and on  
Its brink stood willows weeping, alders bright  
Of trunk and limb, and frequently a clump  
Of hazel wood and hawthorn thickets,  
Intervening with wild roses rare.

“ Just beyond the southern line of this  
Bright stream, as if designed by nature for  
A terrace, rose a splendid hill that stretched  
The valley's length from east to west, and on  
It stood in clusters and alone, bull pine,  
Small roble oaks, some laurel wood and oft  
A sturdy cedar cone, while from the earth  
Beneath their shade, grew labyrinths of ferns,  
Blackberry vines and yellow crocus bloom.  
This conditioned growth extended round  
The valley's head and margined on the rocks  
And rough-hewn hills that bound it on the north,  
While on the west the sapphire sea complains  
Of winds and ever-changing of the moon

That keep her whitecaps always on the run.

“This trouble, like a spirit never free,  
Moves up her tides and surf upon the shore  
To breast and mingle with the shining sand,  
And in the sound there seems a requiem  
For all the slumbering dead that line her depths.  
Just midway of the vale from east to west,  
And on the northern side and running up  
And down the stream full half a mile,  
Then at angles right across the plain,  
The lines extending past a little bench,  
Then higher up among the spurs and cliffs,  
Where hazel, alder wood and scrubby pines  
Glean scanty substance from decaying shale  
And mould of withering herbs and fallen leaves,  
I purchased, of pre-empter, for abode.

“Each quarter-section in this sunny vale  
Was entered for a home, improved and had  
Its thrifty habitanee, who raised some corn,  
A little wheat, some stock that grazed upon  
The hills, with garden rich in succulents  
And door-yard flowers most profusely grown.

“A schoolhouse, white, upon a little hill,  
A union church nearby all dressed in brown,  
With squatty belfry struggling from its top,  
And gothic gables, friezed in snowy white;  
With market-place and trading-post across  
The hills to southward, twenty miles away,  
Made up the features of this sunny clime.

## CANTO VII.

“ Here in this vale, upon the plot of land  
Before outlined, we did, in faith, essay  
To build a home; that is to say, myself,  
Old Rover, lame from his long walk, and my  
Good steed, then lank and lean from overwork  
In dunnage packing, plain and mountain  
Crossing, often stinted in his rations  
Down to fennels, greasewood and white sage.

“ They helped me build the house? Be sure they did.  
The long, slim pines I felled upon the slopes  
And cut in lengths to form the walls. Fast to  
A chain about one end of each peeled pole  
I hitched my noble horse and with a snort  
At starting, snaked them to the spot I had  
Selected for the slippery, round-logged cot.

“ And when the logs had pushed their noses through  
The hillside shale to reach the chosen site,  
With smaller skints, neat skinned for ridge pole and  
For rafters, shakes for roof and puncheons for  
A floor, split from a stately sugar pine,  
Were all upon the ground—a bench of land  
Some forty feet above the level plain—  
Where growth of oak and alder sparsely stood.

“ Southward set I there my cabin’s face  
That overlooked the prospect of the vale,  
While to the west full half a league away,  
Obscured in distance by some spreading trees,  
The ocean gleamed at every setting sun,  
Like robes imagined for Divinity.

The work commenced, thereon I hinged my thoughts,  
With aids, old Rover and my sturdy steed.  
Advancement seemed forever manifest.

“How did these animals help on the work?  
Good Rover learned to know the name of nail,  
Of hammer, saw and chisel, too, a shake,  
Or square or spirit level, so I had  
No other care than name the thing I wished,  
And it would come between his teeth, and when  
The job was full in hand his schooling seemed  
So well engraven on a thoughtful mind  
That he was ever on the watch to give  
His aid upon the ground, or high above,  
Where leaned the willow ladder on the wall,  
Up which he went as nimble-footed as  
An urchin climbing for the fun of it.

“When after all the skill we did possess  
And after weeks of steady toil, the house  
Stood prim and trim, good Sanger, sleek  
With leisure and fair feeding on the green  
Bunch grass of hill and clover on the plain,  
Came up of sturdy step to view the work.

“With Rover, round and round the house we went,  
As if inspectors of a castle built  
For prince, or magnate of some sugar trust.  
We all were proud of it. The corners matched  
So closely that the logs hung not an inch  
Apart, and chinked with strips of pine and lime  
Made on the ground. The roof, third pitch of shakes,  
Half lapped, with eaves and gables well projecting,  
Door and windows on the southern part,  
Out-letting on a little rustic porch.

“The north wall held a chimney made of stone,  
With jams and arch and hearth of diorite,



Or something like it, hewn from quarry on  
The hill. Then on the East, a cosy place  
For kitchen, built with window and a door,  
The well-hewn puncheon floor fit snug and well,  
With ceiling overhead of like account.

“ When I and Rover went within to look  
About, old Sanger stood with bleary eyes in  
The door and whinnied at our leaving him  
Without, and seemed concerned to know what we  
Proposed on his account, as shelter from  
The winter storms that sat foreboding in  
The north. The hint, so plainly given, struck  
Me with the thought that stable nigh we'd build,  
Near where a weeping willow stood, some rods  
Away, prime west nor'west the compass marked.  
And there it stands, constructed chiefly of  
The remnants left in putting up the house.

“ A spring of crystal water welled up from  
A crevice in a ledge of stone that formed  
For it a little basin, shaded by  
A green bay tree that manifestly  
Measured years by centuries.  
In all the work we did, our neighbors seemed  
Most kind and affable and often lent  
A helping hand, as if in token of  
Regard, which signifies in all the world,  
Where soul and sense commune that kind is one,  
And common to us all, as grow and bloom  
The crowning roses, red and yellow gold,  
That grow in strength the more we nurture them.

“ If kindred we are, then should kindness lead  
The way to better things, as toils in pain  
The homeward bound, with hand extending help  
To some poor, weary brother on the way,

And pointing to the blessed abode above.

“So when the task of building grew complete,  
October’s strides had reached half-way his span,  
And as he passed, the leaves upon the trees  
Began to pale with fear, for well they knew  
The north wind, howling in the rugged hills,  
Betokened them no good or recompense  
For all the glory they had given to  
The early spring and summer’s cooling shade,  
Where parching thirst and heat can never come.

“And now when all this lovely angel work  
Is hardly done, their dirge is being sung  
By dreary Boreas in northern climes,  
In blend with mournful whisper of the pines,  
That sing as does the ever-troubled sea,  
The requiem of all its strangled dead.  
And thus it is with everything that lives—  
Each has its day and dying disappears—  
While memory forgets their resting place  
In rush for phantasies that give no rest.

“The later fall and winter spent we in  
Attempt to clear a field of scattering brush  
And drooping limbs that lankly hung about  
The spreading oaks, which seemed in strength to hold  
The valley down in place and annually,  
Like Ammon, with a lavish hand, upon  
The earth does scatter brown and lusty nuts,  
Which long-nosed chuk and herds grow fat upon.

“And when relieved of growth superfluous,  
Old Sanger fat and favored by his rest  
And choice of feed, was in new harness hitched  
Unto a shining plow, and with my guide,  
The rich, brown soil, surprised in its long sleep,  
Rolled from the mould, dark lap on lap,

Like ridging breakers on a sandy shore.

“Some spelts and wheat we sowed, and later on,  
When spring, with belt of green and budding robes,  
We planted corn, and then a garden, fenced  
With pickets split upon the hills; we set  
And seeded many rows and many kinds  
Of succulents, with sage and flower plants  
In plots, on curves and circles near the house,

“And ere the lovely Queen of spring, in faith,  
Had finished arbors for the summer's heat,  
In woodland and along the shining streams,  
The fields were green with waving grain that gave  
Great promise, when appeared the harvest moon,  
And laughed while drinking morning dew and warmth  
That came as heralds from the rising sun,  
While blooming flowers nodded as I passed  
About my little home, as if to say,

“ ‘We came to thee as fragrant breath from God,  
That in thy troubles thou shalt not forget,  
With us, to bless the hand that made us all.’  
The ocean shore was oft my rambling ground.  
With Rover, in the lead, we traced it up  
And down a hundred times, on hunt of shell  
And shining pebbles scattered on the sand.

“We bathed within the rush of rolling surf,  
And oft when standing out so far as safe,  
A stick I'd hurl out on the ridging sea,  
When Rover, watching every act, would bound  
In after with a yell, and swimming, float  
Upon the surf, until the prize secured,  
Returned it to me with a laughing look  
That wisely said, ‘I dare, in faith, to go  
Where ever you can throw beyond your depth,

Out in the booming sea and with much ease  
Will gladly bring the stick or token back.'

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## CANTO VIII.

“ Sometimes the brimming ocean seemed in great  
Distress, as if in lamentation of  
A brewing storm, with haze and scudding clouds,  
And guffs and swells that preface lifting winds,  
Which gulf great ships and monsoon all the seas,  
That throb with luming heat in tropic climes  
Where winter never comes with icy hand.

“ Living thus, in peace, untrammelled by  
The busy world, two years and more, of time  
Sped past on golden wings; yet sore in heart  
I was, with depth of wound that seldom heals.  
Then came a sudden change, so mingled in  
With sunshine and with shadow that my life  
For thirty years has been like one who dreams,  
Then wakes from troubled sleep and turning on  
His pillow but to dream again.  
In all those years my soul has traveled with  
My heart and mind from pinnacles of bliss  
To depths of woe that leads infinity.

“ I know not why it was, no human tongue  
Can tell. It seems to me a link of fate  
To fate so strange, I have no name for it,  
The fringing event of this stranger tale  
Came arm in arm with one foul April day  
That set the giant trees to swinging like  
So many brittle reeds, that splitting fall  
In every gust and adverse wind that blows.

“ It was a day so fierce that all the hills  
Seemed breaking up; the pines and sturdy oaks  
Lost all their dignity, their groaning trunks

And twisting tops forgot composure in  
The fearful gale that howled through wood and plain  
Like demons loosened from the under world.

“In this array of force that seemed to rock  
The adamantive hills and set at naught  
Great nature’s equipoise, I heard a call,—  
It seemed to come up from the ocean, miles  
Away,—‘Don’t laugh!’ The superstitions of  
The world are based on facts, deep-hidden from  
The common mind, that in its ignorance  
Of what the womb of nature holds, sets up  
For truth the strangest phantasies.

“It may be thus with me in this affair,  
But then we know there are experiences,  
Most numerous, that clearly indicate  
There’s soul force over soul that travels with  
The wind and makes impressions truthful when  
Great sorrow sways the sympathetic mind.

“But be this as it may, at all events  
The call I seemed to hear took hold on me  
With force so potent and surprising that  
From playing with my dog I moved toward  
The door and op’ning it I heard the call  
Again above the roaring tempest, then  
A little later wailings as from one  
Who has set hope aside and hovers on  
The brink of death. There could be no mistake,  
It was distress engulfed in floods of foam  
And breaking waves upon the cruel sea,  
Abandoned, seemingly, by God and man.  
I felt constrained to go; impelled like one  
By fate decreed. I closed the door, my teeth  
Were set like those of some good soldier called  
To fill a breach, death-lined with noble men.

With Rover at my side, we faced the storm.  
The weeping willow shelt'ring Sanger's stall  
Had lost its footing and lay twisted up,  
Prone on the earth like Alegeone in throes  
Of death stretched out beside the brimming tide.

“My trusty horse, half frightened by the storm  
Was quickly buckled to the sturdy cart  
And while I plied the strappings, traces, bit  
And lines, old Sanger surely seemed to know  
That some wild ride was starting from the slips.  
And Rover, stricken dumb at such display  
Of madness on my part, stood by the rig  
With flaring eyes, and ears erect, but when  
The start was made he ran ahead, as if  
Full conscioes that the trouble was upon  
The swiftly running sea or foaming surf—  
Death laden, cold and pitiless.

“It was a fearful ride, the howling wind  
Stood dead ahead; the swaying oaks that lined  
The vale groaned under their uncommon load,  
And giant limbs long used to angry storms,  
With grinding wail fell prone upon the ground.  
The lowing herds in peaceful pasture caught  
Infection from the mighty wind and pressed  
By falling trees, tore through the fences like  
The Bison in his maddened flight to reach  
A shelter from the howling elements.  
No whip was needful on old Sanger's sides,  
From start to finish he was on the run,  
As when a stag with hounds and horn behind  
Disdains the earth and seems to fly with wings  
More potent than possessed the sacred bulls  
That lined Egyptian labyrinths.

“So wild we went the surf was soon at hand,

In looking seaward we beheld, far off,  
A vessel black, with rigging gone, high on  
A mountain wave, and then as phantom of  
The sight she disappeared, to rise no more.  
Left, there was no sign of living thing,  
Black desolation held dominion there,  
And laughed to scorn the prowess of the world.

“While yet I peered out on the blinding storm  
There seemed to me, tossed on the running surf,  
A tiny speck of something more than foam,  
Slow sinking out of sight, then on a crest  
Would rise again a little more distinct.  
A few more times it rose and fell like gauze,  
Or wrap of red, light bordered for a skirt;  
It seemed to come in with the drifting tide  
And then an undertow would take it back  
Apace, a little dainty garment surely it  
Appeared, with some frail form enclosed,  
Perhaps an hundred yards from where the surf  
Beat on the sandy shore, with butting froth  
Of chopping waves and foaming eddy whirls.  
O, Destiny that rides the blinding storm!  
Where is thy pity for the dead thou hast  
Entombed? Suspense was agony to me.

“I grasped the dog, his fore arms in my hands,  
And standing up erect, I pointed to  
The object sought and with kind words set on—  
A gleam of soul ran through his eyes,—he saw  
The apparition and with consciousness  
Of what I wished, spring out upon the flood  
And like a mariner who dares to die  
When duty calls, he struck the running tide  
With might that seemed prodigious for a dog.

“He neither turned to right or left, but fought



Through surf and foam, as one in duty bound  
To save the lost and shame old Anubis.  
At last he reached the form and right about  
Set out for shore again; with back to back  
He came, with head run through the apron strings,  
His burthen's front above the lapping foam.  
I met him in the tide, full to my waist,  
And bracing, held steadfast from undertow,  
While surf at times ran high above my head.

“Thus poised unsteadily, I lent the dog  
A helping hand in his distress, which was  
So great, that never could he, living,  
Reached the land. A little nearer then  
I gathered up the form and wading out,  
There laid my charge upon the gleaming sand,  
A form so fair and sweet I never had beheld,  
A face in model Greek, long golden hair,  
Small hands and feet with tiny slippers on,  
A scarlet cashmere waist and dainty skirt  
Of opal colored silk. The form, in age,  
Was surely not beyond its early teens.

“The life seemed gone, and that distracted me.  
How sweet and beautiful she seemed in death!

O, lashing waters, waste of some great flood  
Poured on the world to sate the wrath of God,  
Display your might; in foaming caverns dwell,  
And bellow with your threats of booming hell.

Was it an everlasting sleep? Or was  
There yet a chance of rescue from the grave?

“At this I fell upon my knees and set  
To chaffing, kneading, rolling, as if fate  
Had held in his slender balance hope delayed.  
At little brandy poured upon the lips  
Set death to doubting his supremacy;

A tremor ran through all the lovely frame,  
Then with a wrenching gasp the bosom heaved,  
A gurgling sound of water running from  
The mouth; then came the breath in agony  
Of utterance, like some poor soul long held  
In comatose. She lived! And soon her large  
Brown eyes were opened full upon my face.  
Her respiration grew more regular,  
And then she said composedly, in lute  
Like tone, but hardly audible, 'Why am  
I resting here and where are now my friends?'  
She spoke a tongue I had not heard for years,  
But still I did essay direct reply.  
Rehearsing all I knew and how I found her in  
The flood and how old Rover rescued her.  
She seemed delighted with the dog and put  
Her arms about his neck so lovingly  
That Rover, hoping he had made a friend,  
Did lick her smiling face like one who claims  
A valid right to do as much.

"Hastily I wrapped my buggy robes  
About the shivering form and placing it  
Snugly in the shay, I mounted by her side.  
Then giving Sanger ample rein, we ran  
Like Atalanta leading Hippomenes.  
Up through the vale we flew before the wind,  
For full I realized that, soaked and chilled  
Through to the bone, Atropos lingered near,  
With lifted hand to cut the thread of life.

"At this uncommon speed we reached the home  
Of Lulu Wanna, wife of Bonadena,  
Late of Italia, refined and lovable,  
With ample room and comfortable.  
The husband met us at the wicker gate,

The front of an enclosure, flower blown,  
And when we went into the house with her  
Poor, little, helpless form, chilled through and through,  
From washing of the sea, the lovely wife,  
A bonny bit of wit and woman's heart,  
Stood dumb a moment watching what we brought,  
And then the pity of it melted down  
Her eyes and with a mother's love she bent  
And kissed the cold, blue lips and laying off  
The robe, glib felt about the tender limbs,  
And in a moment realizing that  
The greatest haste was all that lay between  
The girl and death, she gathered up the gem  
As if a babe, and ere the story could  
Be told, had placed the flower in a bath  
Of water, warmed, to make a ruddy glow;  
Then rubbed and dressed in dry, warm clothes,  
And tucked in bed with sips of steaming tea,  
The little waif went off to sleep, like one  
In swoon and weary with fatigue.

“For days grim specters of the shadowland  
Seemed in the air of that sweet tenement.  
A fever raged within the blood of that  
Fair stranger in a stranger land. Her tongue  
Made mellow sounds between a sob, a sigh,  
Or song, delirious in her present woe.  
Like Sappho hanging on Lucadian rim  
In sorrow for her faithless Mytilene.  
Hardly could I leave the house, for through  
The rage of her delirium, were times  
When came a word that told of want and I  
Alone, of all the vale, could understand  
A thing she said. The climax came at last.

“The doctor shook his head, but deigned to say,

‘An hour will decide her fate.’ It seemed  
To me a soul so truly beautiful  
Should never die if destiny had linked  
The fairest forms with immortality.  
Passing strange and indefinable  
Is human sympathy, it surely is  
A touch transmitted from Divinity,  
A glint, a spark of soul force, ray of light,  
That strikes deep-seated at a glance and burns  
Like vestal fire through eternity.  
It is uncommon surely, but it comes  
Sometimes in life to every soul, as comes  
The morning light before the lifting sun.

“How small does grow the vanity of man  
When life and death hang in the balance by  
A hair and human aid stands powerless  
To give a helping hand to those we love.  
The recompense of such an hour comes  
To him who hath the soul to see that all  
Of life is like a fitful song with smiles  
And tears, in which the notes are memories  
Of sweets and sorrows passed and dint of hope  
For happy time to come, with consciousness  
Of mind and heart each day hath record there  
Of all the jewels we have gathered here,  
And all the ills our deeds have shadowed forth,  
And that the crucible of conscience,  
Ever silently is burning out the dross  
Of every act and thought that’s selfish or  
Untrue, and slowly gathering up the gems  
Discovered for the settings of a crown  
And refuse black for torment for the damned.

“Didst ever thou, with fear and breath abate,  
Behold the night at noonday, when the sun

Had shadowed all his face, and thought perhaps,  
He might not shine again upon the earth?  
And how you had to hold your heart when glimpse  
The coming day broke by the moon's dark disk?  
This may compare, as does a river to  
A sickly stream, the feeling that was mine,  
When light came back into her loving eyes.

“The angel ministry that brought her form  
To life again, with hope of many years,  
Turned all that household in happy tears,  
Father, mother, Janie, ten, most fair,  
And Robbie, seven, was the baby there.

## CANTO IX.

“ Great ocean canst thou not assuage thy thirst  
To toss such beauty on thy rolling ribs,  
And take so many to thy caverns down  
And wrap in seaweed, there to rock  
Forever in thy cradles, as you sing  
The mournful dirge of human destiny?  
I grieve with thee. But then it may be for  
The best, as He who made it never made  
A thing in vain, though oft it seemeth so.  
“ Without the ocean every living thing  
Upon the globe would die; the rivers in  
Their beds go dry; the streamlets cease to run;  
The seasons fail, and famine, pale, possess  
The earth as Bores does the desert sands.

“ Compared with this array of nature’s force  
Poor human strength seems frail indeed; but then  
The consolation is, inspired hope  
That all is well with those who dare to do  
The right and strive, in faith, to reach the rest,  
Where darkness never comes, where morning spans  
The day and praise possess the lips of all  
The tribes that ever lived upon the earth.

“ No, no, my friend, don’t blame the sea. It might  
Have been as placid as a mirror’s face.  
The howling winds would leave her robes  
Alone, her bosom heave no more, no sigh  
Would come from cresting swells, nor surf  
Break on the yellow sand. But then, if all  
The winds were gone, what would the sailor do?  
Where drift his argoses that glibly skim,

Unharm'd, the blue-robed bosom of the deep,  
Like swans that hurry to some distant port?

“The gulfs and bays grow black in their decay,  
Stagnation stands on land and sea and shoal  
In grimy winding sheets, with laughing hell  
Close down upon a ruined world—the curse  
Of God and seal of death forevermore.

“No, no, we cannot blame the sea, nor sun,  
Nor driving winds. They have their uses on  
The earth ordained for them—a part of that  
Great purpose in design of Him who made  
All things to move in harmony with laws  
Immutable to their appointed end.

“But to return from this innate review.  
As rosebuds fresh renewed by gentle rains  
And May day suns, with watchful care the waif  
Grew into health again, and as she grew  
In strength of form, she grew as well in strength  
Of mind, and depth of noble soul sat on  
Her face, that from her winsome smiles and large  
Brown eyes enveloped all the house with charm,  
So sweet and gentle; those who came to see  
The gem and hear her silver, ringing, lute  
Like tongue, did seem enchanted by the spell,  
Imposed, with overflowing hearts of praise,  
As does sweet canthies run when pressed  
From ivy buds, and when they went away  
Would come again, like bees released from night,  
Fly to the sunny vales and nectar sip  
From running roses and the lilac bloom,  
Or as the children gaily tramp the hills  
And dells in search of nuts and honey due.

“Three months had passed since her recovery,  
The early summer, dressed in robes of green

And gold, smiled in her beauty in the vale,  
The fields of waving grain and growing corn  
Held forth their praise to Him who made them all,  
And every garden, dell and hillside seemed  
To vie with neighbor in fair rivalry  
In richness of adornment, when I chanced  
To meet the winsome miss, some distance down  
The laughing stream, with apron full of buds  
And dainty flowerets she had, with care,  
Secured, wild growing in the blooming woods.

“She greeted me with smile that seemed to take  
The gentle beauty of the posies on.  
We paused and sat upon the sloping bank  
Of that fair stream where tufts of velvet grass  
Seemed to invite sweet converse and repose.  
The trees stood silent auditors and all  
Their leaves, gold-tinted by the setting sun,  
Were shimmering as moved the gentle breeze.

“Some random gossip ran between us for  
A time, and after pause, I gently said,  
‘Nenona, you have wonderfully  
Improved since first you came among us some  
Few months ago, and yet in all that time  
I’ve learned so little of your past, that now  
I know no more than when we met, of who  
You are and whence you came, except your name.  
And yet my interest in your life is such,  
That nothing more concerns me than to learn  
Your antecedent history, as you,  
From memory may please to give it me.’

“At this strong hint of inquiry she seemed  
Oppressed. Her beaming face turned into one  
Of sadness, and the tears slipped from her eyes  
Down through her silken lashes like pearl drops,



And dripping undisturbed from burning cheeks.  
Thus seeing her distress I sought recall  
Of my request, and make amends for what  
Might seem to her, in measure, something rude.

“ She answered not, but sat like one unstrung,  
And lost in deepest reverie, as when  
The ring of Sakasntala lost, she could  
But grieve alone in her divine retreat.  
Her thoughtful brow, in depth and stretch surprised  
My gaze, as something wonderful in one  
So young. Composure came at last as on  
A pool of water, light disturbed  
By pebble dropped upon its placid face,  
And then she said unsteadily, ‘ I beg  
Indulgence for this little show of grief,  
That came as does a passing cloud before  
The morning sun. The deepest sorrow oft  
Is memory of blessings gone, and thoughts  
Of those we loved who were, but now are not.

“ ‘ I should have told you what you now request,  
Long ere this, but heartache held my tongue,  
As hush holds down the pulse at mention of  
Calamity, but then, if you will deign  
To now and then, forgive a tear, pressed out  
Mine eyes in this recital of the past,  
I will proceed; perhaps you may have had  
Some sorrows in your time as well:

“ ‘ ’Tis now a little more that fourteen years  
Since first I saw the light on Lesbos, near  
The city of sweet Mitylene. By birth,  
My father was a Greek, with records of  
An ancestry that ran into the mist  
Of time; while mother was, by race and blood,  
Aoelian. Its tribal settlement

Occurring on the Isle, ere Homer wrote  
The Iliad, and Troy's ruin was  
New history that had no record but  
In memory of living men who in  
The groves and schools of lovely Mitylene,  
Culoni and Molivo, told with much  
Parade the sights they saw, while yet the gods  
Of great Olympus urged the bloody fight.

“ ‘ A brother had I older than myself  
By seven years. And after one decade  
Of life had passed, in all the beauty of  
My home, surrounded by fair, wooded hills,  
Broad fields of purple vine and olive groves,  
That baffled time in steady growth, and reach  
Across so many centuries.  
My father oft, for change of scene and weal  
Of learning Athens offered those he loved,  
Would man his skipper, always moored secure  
In little inlet near the home, that made  
An eye of Port Culoni; thence with all  
The household, sail across fair Ægean,  
Seldom ruffling more her placid face  
Than when the waving grain bows welcome to  
Aeolus moving on a summer day.

## CANTO X.

“ ‘ The way was fine, we passed sweet Pæara,  
Round Cape Doro, through the inlet  
Facing Hymethus, curving northward up  
The channel to old Athens.  
Those days now seem as dreams to me wherein  
I held a golden horn, and from it poured  
Unstinted bliss of fairest destiny.  
The choice of everything came at request.  
But most of all our parents were concerned  
That we should have the best of training  
Mentally, with social roundings that  
Would cull the rough, uncanny growth of youth,  
And set with plants the garden of our lives,  
Untainted by the Upas; neither decked  
With gaudy bloom of hot house cereus,  
Which in a single night does open out  
The glory of its heart, and withers ere  
The gray of dawn appears; but rather plants  
Of amaranth and anemone, with here  
And there the myrtle bloom, sweet jasmine and  
Pathway borders lined with violets.

“ ‘ No stuffing process was desired,  
As when slim pigs are cramped into a sty;  
But rather, as pure streams that trickle in  
A silver pool, that circling, slowly brims  
With shining water from the distant hills.  
My brother learned beyond my depth; had with  
It all, a nature so reserved that few,  
Beside myself, could fully understand.  
He loved the Hellas race as if a part

And parcel of himself; would camp alone  
For days about the sunny vales, and with  
His dog and gun inspect the battlefields  
That have in all the centuries since then  
Clothed Attica with sons in which the shades  
Of heroes shine like jewels in a crown.  
No date or name unknown to him, and when  
In Athens I have often seen him stand  
Beside a column of the Parthenon,  
Unmindful of the moving stream of life.  
His heart seemed in the grave with those who built  
It in the infant world. He loved the grand,  
Old masters, and with Plato talk as friend  
To friend about philosophy too deep  
For platitudes to hold an anchorage.

“ ‘ Conversed, it seems, with that great Stagirite,  
Who in his exoteric work and depth  
Of thought, stands like a shining pillar in  
The dusk and haze of mental growth.  
Met Solon, lover of sweet Salimis,  
And solid glory of the ancient Greek,—  
Who, base and noble equals made before  
The law, and consecrated Justice stood  
Well to the front, with even-balanced scale;  
And Socrates, the searcher after truth  
And knowledge of himself, when sophistry  
Stalked thwart the temple door and rode to death  
Its own surprised absurdities.

“ ‘ His love was such for Grecian blood  
That when the Hellans had fierce contest with  
The Turk, defending Christian creed, he  
Ran away from home and joined the standard of  
The Greeks, and then he wrote to me these lines:  
‘ Tell our loving mother, all things else

May pass away, as dust before the wind,  
And yet her noble council will, with me,  
Endure, as precious grains of shining gold  
That nurture and sustain, when ill betides.  
And father will, perhaps, forgive my flight  
To join a contest with the bloody Turk  
That men may live who dare to worship God.

“ ‘As for the nations, Christian-named,  
That stand, cold-hearted as the polar seas,  
Unmindful of the common brotherhood  
Of man, and view a people struggling in  
Defense of right and human liberty  
Against a monster of the modern world,  
Without extending aid or sympathy,—  
Are but abettors of the damned, in aid  
Of hell's dominion on the earth, that each  
May hold secure its many robberies,  
Without the fear of rupture with the rest.  
And mark my word, that ripe will come the day  
When all this ghoulish greed will fester in  
The rotting flesh of those old cormorants,  
And desolation feed upon their woe.’

“ ‘Poor boy! In heart he had no wish above  
His country's good; his fight was brief; at last  
He fell with face toward the bitter foe,  
And wrapped in colors that he loved so well,  
Sleeps on a bloody battlefield in Crete.

“ ‘My father grieved like one bereft of all  
Incentive in the teeming strife of men  
For worldly betterment, and went about  
His work sad-faced and inconsolable  
As Æneas for the fair-faced Nisus.

“ ‘My mother seemed like one who calmly sits  
Upon the verge of time and looks beyond

For consolation; shadowed hung her life,  
As when the sun in full eclipse hath not  
Expression, other than the shining breadth  
Of solar soul that margins round the moon's  
Dark border, all was glory left of light  
In her fair face, and those who saw her then  
Had impress of divinity that time  
Could never wear away. I seemed the link  
That bound in tie of earth those two great souls.

“ ‘ No word nor action did I stint to bridge  
The chasm of despair on which their feet  
Seemed merging for untimely fall. While thus  
Consoling them as best I could, the tears  
Would often flood mine eyes in spite of nerve  
In effort to control them; yet when they  
would start unbidden, smiles were forced upon  
My face to shine a rainbow through them.  
Thus some months in gloom and doubt were passed,  
Till time, sweet messenger of rest and hope,  
Dispelled the depth of shadow from our home.

“ ‘ The Ottoman, austere, cold-blooded in  
His intercourse with other creeds, held sway  
In all the avenues of trade in that  
Fair Isle, and government thereof, as in  
A vice, and after crushing Greek and friend  
By butcheries and on the battlefield,  
We, of that race, bore taunt and ill from them  
Unceasingly, and justice of the courts,  
With balance lost, stood on the side of that  
Unspeakable, and since those creatures knew  
My brother fought against their standard,  
Treated us with jeer, dispicably.

“ ‘ And father, noble-hearted, bore the brunt  
Of their indignities, which turned his face

Against the Turk, as turns despair against  
The cruel hand that holds the shackles on  
Distress, and ruined by the Ottoman  
Financially, he did resolve to leave  
Forever the fair Isle, so long his home,  
Where Arion and Sappho sung, and seek  
Seclusion in some foreign clime, and set  
About, with many friends in like distress,  
To build a boat, in which to sail across  
The seas to find a home in fairyland,  
Where western suns set in the Orient.

“ ‘ With some good seamen in the group, who had  
Seen service for the state, with carpenters  
Who knew their trade, it was in council, soon  
Resolved to build a topsail schooner, rigged,  
Square top, topgallant sail, full fore and aft.  
With bent of mind to see what could be seen,  
And hear with ears wide open every sound,  
From saw-winged cricket croaking on the hearth  
To calliope that hoarsely sings as pass  
The packet boats, I never failed to note.  
The men discussed the building of the ship,  
And how it should be rigged and what  
Should be its length and breadth and greatest depth.

“ ‘ From Mitylene the staunchest timbers came,  
The seasoned elm, keel and ribs and brace  
And beam and knees of laurel, tough as teak.  
With knowledge of my father's grief, the wrongs  
He'd suffered from the Turk, and gentleness  
Of soul, bound all my heart to him as twines  
A tender ivy round a mighty oak.  
My sympathies were always with his work,  
Just what he said or looked was law to me.  
I had no love for surly Ottomen,

So, when I passed one anywhere my nose  
Went up, like some young chipmunk sniffing at  
The air, when hunter and his wily pack,  
In circles, wid'ning, scoured all the wood.

“ ‘ Poor, simple soul! I never seemed to learn  
That every conqueror of hate or stubborn will  
Is he who strives to know himself and from  
The golden scale of justice measure gives  
For every one received, which makes a mead  
That's worthy of the name, and for ill-will  
Search out return of some beneficence.

How happy would the lot of man become  
If we could only pattern after some  
Old Eskimo, who kills a walrus or  
A seal, and straightway serving it with all  
His neighbors, share and share alike, while he  
Himself with smiling face, most cheerfully  
Goes hungry on the morrow.

My dear, old mother, sweetest counselor,  
Did love her children as a lark her young,  
That limping flutters from her gaping,  
Blear-eyed brood to lead a danger off,  
Gave to my active nature latitude.



## CANTO XI.

“ ‘ Hedged only by my duty and the  
Care of self, I rambled in the fields, as do  
The linnets when the spring is blooming and  
The heart feels everything to glorify  
And praise the maker of them all. But when  
The ship began to grow, and knowing well  
The purpose of its maker, the current of  
My life took angle strange. My dolls, so much  
Beloved in former years, without a tear,  
Were put in night-clothes and to bed, high in  
The garret loft, where they, poor things, perhaps  
Are sleeping yet. The drift and nature of  
My studies changed, I lost romantic moods.

“ ‘ Utility unchecked, did stick her nose  
In everything, and not a ship or boat  
Which passed the little dock, that did not catch  
My wary eye observing it; each mast  
And spar and flapping sail, their length  
And breadth were measured in the mind, and there  
Impressed for future use; I singled out  
The moorings of each rope, its length, its strength,  
And purpose in the vessel's full control.  
The shape of beak and stern, its depth of hold,  
And breadth of beam, as if a seaman skilled  
In matters of this kind; perhaps I ruffed  
The spirit of old Homer, plodding through  
His works to find the build of Memnon's fleet;  
What merit had the galleys of the fierce  
Achilles that was worth the copy of  
A modern beak, or shape of maintop sail

That carries now our richest argosies?

“ ‘ But in this age of mammoth battleships  
And merchantmen that stretch their length across  
The waves at once, the Grecian outfit,  
Sailing on the placid Ægean sea,  
Three thousand years ago, seem but as tubs  
With oar-locks on the sides, compared to those  
Great whales that plow the mighty oceans like  
So many leviathans, gulping up  
The channel waters as they pass.  
Well did they serve their aim and disappeared  
Like phantoms in the mist of time.

“ ‘ Perhaps those now engaged will pass as well.  
What then? What ships? What race prevail?  
O, Destiny! No eye can see beyond  
Thy veil, and stand we helpless on the brink  
Of change, as does a mariner at sea,  
With helm lost, and sails all blown away.  
Perhaps it's for the best, that trusting souls  
Should have no view of what is yet to come.

“ ‘ Three months had vanished since the keel was set,  
True as a die, from which the little ship  
Grew into shape, with swelling sides, planked with  
The best and toughest teak with model set,  
And painted azure hue, with band and bar  
And trimmings white, the standard colors of  
The Greeks; and there she sat in royal state,  
Like some great duck just ready for a swim;  
Everything in prime to make the launch.

“ ‘ I was selected holder of the cren  
To christen her, and when she moved upon  
The ways, slow, gaining speed as on she went,  
Like some uncommon creature, conscious of  
Her destiny. I broke the bottle on

Her prow, when mixed the foaming wine  
With foam below, as down it trickled in  
The deep, as spirit for her future use.

“ ‘ A few more weeks of patient work, and then  
The boat sat proudly at the little dock,  
Complete, and seemingly prepared to breast  
The troubled seas of many climes, and make  
A voyage distant more than half around  
The world, in search of lands fair as we left.

“ ‘ Soon, supplies were all aboard and back  
Accounts were settled up; of many friends,  
With tears, took leave and with our souvenirs  
We went aboard, with others, making up  
A score of souls; twelve men, six women and  
Two girls, and I, the youngest of the clan.

“ With sails all set we slowly moved out in  
The stream, and down along the northern shore  
Of Port Culoni, leaving that fair land  
Forever, home and friends and ties of blood.  
The sorrow of such partings wound and grieve  
All loving hearts, which never fully heal,  
But like all memories sanctified,  
Imbue the soul as some old melody.  
Few words were said, each seemed absorbed in thought,  
No one companioned as the gentle solace  
Silence gives. The village in sweet coves,  
The waving grain, the meadow green, the corn  
In bloom, the olive groves, the vine-clad hills  
Passed by us as a dream of one fatigued  
Into a gentle sleep. Three leagues and more  
We measured thus; then turning sharp around  
A high-browed headland, timber clad, the craft  
Caught square in rig the swelling wind, and like  
Some mighty swan, ungainly caged, breaks through

Its chafing bars, and with an even wing  
And widely spread, sails outward to the sea.

“ ‘ Thus curving on the Ægean, southward,  
Passing Psara, sweetest Tino, Cycladese,  
The fairest gem of all the ocean; Out  
At Milo, thence to Cerni, through its channel,  
Touched Correnti, passed Tulada, on  
The waters of the Adriatic. Thence  
To channel neck of oceans, on which stand  
The pillars built by Hercules, whereon  
He sat, in time uncertain, watching all  
The world’s great shipping; set the winds to fill  
Its canvas; frowning when he wished to raise  
A cyclone, scattering the argosies.

“ ‘ Thence curving southward to Canaries,  
Once the peaks of mountains in the wide  
Dominion of Atlanta, sunk before  
The Arian dwelt upon the plains of Iran,  
Reckoned deluge of the ancients  
Sent by Deus as avenger on  
The race for sin committed, when  
The flood of old Ducalian came.

“ ‘ Thence south to Verdes, anchoring at  
The Porto Praya for supplies, and viewed  
The belching Fogo, from afar, that runs  
Its red-hot lava in the sea, the dross  
Of Vulcan’s mighty forges down below.

## CANTO XII.

“ ‘Thence south, a little west, we sailed across  
The torrid zone, in one great stretch, without  
A stop, eight hundred leagues, through scorching heat,  
Shot downward from the sun, as if that God,  
Long-worshipped in the East, with blazing brand,  
Had formed a savage league with Phæton,  
Curbless son of Sol, to burn the world.

“ ‘When through the worst of that distressing sail,  
Of heat, and calm and storm, we sighted off  
The starboard bow, bleak Cape Saint Rouque, thence  
Down, and scarcely twenty miles from eastern coast  
Of old Brazil, we passed her woodland hills,  
Her sunny vales, her rivers flowing in  
The sea, with here and there a sightly port,  
All hedged about with tropic growth until  
We reached fair Rio, landlocked in the bay.  
Three score and more of miles around and in  
The charming beauty of the place and its  
Environments we spent a pleasant month,  
Made repairs upon the vessel’s deck,  
Laid in supplies to last three moons, then out  
Again we floated with the tide; each sail  
Was set and catching remnant of a storm  
That pulsed to anger all the tropic seas.  
Away we moved along the wonder coast  
That changed as oft as some kaleidescope,  
In varied hue and loveliness sublime,  
Till sighted we afar the crowning cape  
Of de las Virgines and entered then  
Magellan’s straits with rough hewn islands on

The south, and through three hundred miles  
We slowly worked the dubious way, between  
High ridges, desolate, and summits crowned  
With snows eternal, till we rounded out  
The dreary channel of Victoria cape,  
And set our course northwesterly to run  
A stretch of full five thousand miles to those  
Fair isles that rest as gems within the crown  
Of sapphire seas unequaled in their reach,  
And where eternal spring is like unto  
The sunny clime we left at Mitylene,  
Where hope we had of sweet repose without  
The jealous enmity of the Ottoman.

“ ‘Without mishap of special note, we crossed  
Again the torrid zone, and reached secure  
The latitude of fifteen north and near  
The longitude, one-forty west, within  
A few degrees of the fair elysium sought,  
When unexpected came a fearful storm.  
The leaden haze about the setting sun  
Grew ominous, the face of that great orb  
Shone like a globe of blood; the scudding clouds  
Denoted lifting winds; the sea did moan  
As does a leviathan in the throes  
Of death, and swell on swell did lift and fall  
Like rolling ridges, capped with spray and foam.

“ ‘Conscious of the fearful squall in sight  
All sails were reefed and helm set to run  
Before the blast; the little boat, as if  
A thing of life, did tremble in her joints  
As when an antler, hot pursued, essays  
To make a fearful leap; her scudding, then  
Commenced, and raced she with the wind and waves,  
With leaps and bounds, unknown before in all

Her history; through foam and blinding spray,  
And topping waves, with course set north-nor'east,  
She ran at least a thousand miles, and just  
As seemed the deluge to abate and when  
We felt the worst had passed, the vessel sprung  
A leak. The pumps were set at work and for  
A day and night we labored might and main  
To keep the craft afloat, till land in sight  
Should give relief from perils on the sea.  
The hope was vain; the water gained upon  
Our work so rapidly the pumps were left  
And to our boats as last resort we took,  
Just ten in each; but soon the rolling flood  
Swamped one; the other one, in which myself  
And people were, seemed better manned, and hope  
Sat on each dripping face, when came  
With force an ugly squall and over went  
The little craft and all went floundering in  
The flood. I never saw my parents more,  
Nor anyone of that fair band. I was  
Alone, it seemed upon the sea, but soon  
I lost my consciousness, and knew no more  
Until I saw you bending over me  
Upon the beach. I know not why I live  
And all the others gone, unless it is  
Because I had a large preserver on,  
And being less in weight than others were,  
My head had better chance to cap the waves.  
“ ‘It was my hope that we, at least, should find  
The forms I loved, but as you say, no one  
Was found along the strand. I must assume  
They all were lost past chance recovery.’  
She ceased to speak; her hands were clasped about  
Her face and scalding tears streamed from her eyes.

## CANTO XIII.

“ Conscious of my duty well performed  
I lived in peace secluded from the world,  
With only Rover for companion in  
My walks, and Sanger daily coming for  
His hay, and rubbed his nose upon my arm,  
When fed, as if to say, ‘ This is my thanks,  
And when you wish my service, be assured  
I shall remember all your compliments.’  
The simple people of the lovely vale  
Were kind and true and well content with what  
They had—their little farms, their growing crops  
And stock and ever-swelling flower buds.

“ Because I knew a little Greek, had read  
Some books and could pronounce some words in Dutch,  
The people seemed to think, in truth, that I  
Was wonderfully wise, and oft would troop  
Across the vale, to where my cottage stood  
That I as referee, might settle some  
Disputed point, such as the rods, or roods  
An acre did contain; what seed to plant?  
The grains of corn to drop in every hill?  
What poison best to rid their fertile fields  
Of rodent pests? What flowers should be grown  
In pots? What roots to grow for dairy stock?  
The safest medicine for chicken-pox?  
And other questions more profound than these—  
As depth to plow, or how to manage bees?  
To dwell with people thus some one may say  
That time is wasted opportunity,  
Because the appetite of higher mind



Hath naught but barrenness to feed upon,  
Without the quench of thirst for better things  
That beam from upper levels of the mind,  
Like burning stars that shine above the peaks  
Of cragged Teneriffe and Everest.

“ But ere the verdict on this theme abides,  
I beg you pause and counsel with your heart  
To find reflection there of what we are  
And of design for human betterment.  
Wealth may last us for a shining day,  
But brick and mortar have no souls in them,  
And many gilded fronts that mark the line  
Of some great thoroughfare, contain behind  
But whitened sepulchres where feast and wine  
Inflame the animal within to such  
Excesses as the devil loves, and think  
They live to purpose in the world without  
A recompense for increment received.  
Cold brick and mortar have no souls to save.

“ Great cities are, at best, but cancers in  
The stomach of the world, that putrefy,  
And but for increase from the rural homes  
Would rot and stink with desolation.  
God never made a city in the world,  
And there are scattered ruins everywhere  
To mark the destiny of all the rest.  
God rules! His everlasting laws defied,  
Have no condolence for the miseries  
Of men who never learn the lesson of  
Their lives, no more than pigs that fill with swill  
And are content to sleep the stupor off.  
God's bounty is sufficient for us all,  
And some day each will have his share, when each  
Shall recognize the right of all to live.

“Nenona, full recovered, grew in strength  
And beauty every day, as when the chill  
And sear of winter’s passed, sweet Chloris comes  
With all her train to garland early spring.  
Her tender words and cheerfulness seemed like  
A garden of exotics giving off  
Its fragrance to each passer-by; and when  
A day of recreation came for all  
The children in the vale, and troop on troop  
With cheer and glee went singing on the way  
To hunt for nuts, or blooming treasures in  
The woods, or romp upon the picnic grounds,  
About Nenona flocked the spruce young lads,  
And comely lasses, like so many birds  
Of minor plumage, round a singing lark,  
Unmindful of their own sweet melodies.

“She seemed as one who had no thought of self,  
But was supremely happy in the joy  
Of other hearts, as when the pearly drops  
Of dew that glisten in the morning sun  
Transform to sweetness, rosebuds drooping in  
A garden poorly tilled and famishing  
For showers that so seldom come.  
Her dress, though plain and simple, always neat,  
And every band and tuck set most complete.  
Her golden hair, untrammelled in its sway,  
Fell gently down in wave on wave, upon  
Her shapely shoulders, like a shower of  
Sweet crocus bloom put forth in early spring.  
Her face had not a flaw, ’twas perfect Greek,  
With hazel eyes beyond the reach of words  
Conceived in song, or range of common minds.

## CANTO XIV.

“ Their teacher gone afar to pastures new,  
The people of the vale besought of me  
To play the pedagogue, and prove the love  
I claimed to have for all that did pertain  
To them. And while I turned the thought  
Of what was best to do, Nenona came  
To me, and laying hold of both my hands  
And lifting up her face, as does a rose  
With glistening dewdrops swelling from its heart,  
And all her soul reflected from her eyes,  
She said, in words that harsh makes sound a harp:

“ ‘ Two years have passed since from a corpse, found on  
The flood, you brought me back to life again  
And gave me friends and home when all was lost  
To me, and since that time have been my guide  
And star of hope, with light as true and pure  
As Carnar’s in his hold on Eridanus.  
I know the vale in which we live is fair,  
And much of earthly charm is gathered here  
And then these dear, good people have so grown  
The tendrils of affection in my heart,  
That I can feel their hold and mastery  
In every pulse, like thongs of gossamer,  
Too fine to be definable in words.  
I give full sympathy for all their loves  
And for each ache and sorrow that they have.

“ ‘ So beg I for your audience to hear  
My simple plea that you may grant this wish  
Of theirs most willingly, and furthermore,  
In this emergency, my selfishness

Takes shape decidedly. If teach you not  
The school, what then? Some other must enlist  
And who? So far are we from centers of  
The world and pay so small, that brains we can  
Secure, perhaps, will be most primitive,  
And some of us have hopes above the bogs  
And barren steeps of simple doggerel.

“ ‘And should you leave us for some other place  
Congenial and better pay, I feel  
The moon would never shine again,  
My mother-tongue would fade from memory  
As does a summer dream upon the coast  
Of Labrador. Philosophy would live  
As something passed, to me, and all  
Ambition lose the prop of hope, and set  
Afloat my craft of life without a sail,  
And rudderless, to drift upon the sea.

“ ‘I know you have no present wish to teach  
The little school. It's whole year's wage, in cash,  
Is hardly worth a single thought of yours;  
But then, how much of good would come of it?  
The sprint we had did do the best she could,  
And etchings on our simple mind did make;  
But so confused they ran about, that when  
We sought to find a point as center for  
A thought, there was no anchor for a hold.

“ ‘It may be that I err, but then it seems to me  
The smallest thought conveyed should bear upon  
A greater one, so when the structure is  
Complete, might be a tenement, for one  
In love with gentle nature and with God,  
With wish and crowning outlook far above  
The selfish ends and plodding ways of men.  
So if you will but take the little school,

I will most gladly pose as one of your  
Small satellites and catch reflection when  
I can to light my way to higher flights,  
And preparation for the great unknown.

“ ‘ At times, perhaps, I might sail off among  
The spheres and conjure up a thousand forms  
Of beauty, there, and lean with confidence  
Upon some myth unsteadfast in support,  
Or on a crooked stick of poesy;  
But be assured, I will return to sit  
About your feet, as do the skipping lambs  
Return, and tired, to the larger fold.

“ ‘ I see you hesitate, and have a look  
Far off, as one who has a memory  
Of other days, when life's bright dreams were new,  
And through the mist and sere and yellow haze  
Of time, discerns a form once counted true.  
Why start at this? I meant no harm, be sure,  
My brim of girlish freak does run my tongue  
So much at random that I sometimes sport  
With sacred things unmindful of the hurt.  
If wounded you unheeded, sad I am  
To know it, so, if worth a fig to you  
As salve to 'suage the sore, I will apply  
The balm of all my sympathy and love,  
As showers down the myrtle's blooming sweets  
Upon the earth, when shaken by the wind.’

## CANTO XV.

“ There seemed no answer to a plea like this  
Save yield possession of a fortress stormed  
By dimpled wit and charming sentiment.  
It seems there have been times when castle walls  
And belching guns have bid defiance to  
Great legions fronting them, but then what man  
Can stand unmoved before such loveliness  
Of form and mind, pure as the fountain of  
Ar’thusa, soul enchanting as the harp  
Of Amphion, with tact and gentle grace  
That never seemed to recognize itself?

“ Austereness, grave as Nestor, sage of Pylos,  
Would have melted like the polar snows  
Exposed to glowing heat of tropic suns.  
Consent secured, this ballowmas tripped through  
The vale, like one who had important news  
To tell, and everywhere she went, there came  
About her sunny faces, as of old  
When some fair Eastern nymph would sing  
Delightful songs from Ramayana’s page.

“ When full installed as teacher of the school,  
And every one was busy with the work,  
I sought to find the soul of every child.  
And he who studies here, will shed a tear  
Of sympathy for human entities  
With *lives* and characters inborn, which ill  
Or good predominates, as circumstance  
And antecedents may by dint constrain.  
To find the drift and cause of character  
And remedies to counterbalance wrong,

With application not constrained, is first  
Of all, the problems which the teacher has  
To solve, before much progress can be made.

“As illustrative of a multitude  
Of temperaments, so plainly manifest,  
I had a boy in school called Tony Flinn,  
A little Irish lad, with lanky sides,  
And eyes of gray, with head in knots behind,  
Square forehead, ample mouth, new-moon in shape.  
With corners upward turned. He seemed to live  
On pranks, and did appear to have no aim  
In life but fun, that helped digestion in  
A way to make a stringy doughnut seem  
An ample substitute for provender  
Of prince, or kingly epicure. A pun  
In words, slick said, would make him laugh a week.

“To get his mind full settled on his book  
Was harder work than digging in a ditch.  
With speller up before his face, his eyes  
Would shine around its corners like the sun,  
When shadowed by the moon in full eclipse.  
His hair was short and red and stood like quills  
Upon his head, with fair skin, freckled face,  
And high cheek bones above a rounded chin,  
Which counseled with a jaw of little force.

“To cure him of this ailment, nothing seemed  
Sufficient, short of moulding him again,  
As does a potter, remnants of his clay.  
But scant of skill in this direction, I  
Essayed to get myself a lodgment in  
His heart, as does a sympathetic song  
Of long remembrance start the brimming tear.  
To fairly mould the human mind within  
Its angled tenement it did appear

That hickory oil had lost its potency,  
That while chastisement of this sort may curb  
And cow the spirit for a time, it is  
As plants of bitter fruit set out to grow  
The golden apples of Hisperidese.  
So after much of caustic drill and rough  
Experiment, I hit upon this plan:

“One day when all the children were at play  
This boy, by chance, the schoolroom entered for  
His hat, when catching him around the neck,  
I said, ‘Dear Tony, you are not, in fact,  
A naughty boy. Your only wrong is fun,  
Provoking every little incident  
To roar the school when lessons are on hand.  
Now, if you’ll straighten out your angle face  
And settle down to sober work while we  
Are all engaged, I will agree that you  
Shall have a romp with me at every noon,  
And tell a story that will make you laugh  
With all the school, and count you as my friend.’

“In this display of friendly interest in  
The boy’s untutored ways, there did appear  
A glintage in his lustrous eyes, as does  
A light that burns upon a distant hill  
As beacon that a human form is there,  
And with expression such as comes when soul  
With soul conceives a unity, he said,  
Between his sobs, ‘I know it’s wrong to laugh  
So much and start the school to cackling when  
The lesson’s on, but then, in truth, it seems  
To swell and gurgle up like bubbles on  
My mother’s tub when lathered for the wash.  
But since you are so good and talk so kind  
To me, I’ll try to choke my mischief down.



As doughnuts dry and forced, without a drink,  
Until my full of mirth, without degree  
Of impropriety, may flow at will,  
And run at random as a passing stream  
That's summer fed from all the woodland hills.'  
Thenceforth young Tony loved his fun not less,  
But books and teacher, seeming something more,  
Loved order from controlling strength of love,  
As sweetest dew in sunshine sparkle most,  
Where flowers grow without the chill of frost.

"The hardest case in all the school was one  
Ungainly Spanish boy, coarse-grained, with head  
Straight up and wide behind, with crown well raised  
And forward sloping down to near the brows;  
With eyes like beads, in black, deep-set;  
A sloping nose and short, with lips compressed  
With corners down and jaws most prominent  
That ran like bands of steel up through his face,  
With bulging skull above his flabby ears—  
A young gorilla born, a brute—what could  
Be done with him? What virtue there impart?  
He mixed but little in the romp and plays  
Of other boys, but slipped about from place  
To place, with cunning eyes, as of a fox  
Nearby a flock of singing larks, or as  
A wolf, full half concealed, reviews the lambs  
That frisk about the field or glades of green;  
To grind a bug or worm beneath his heel.  
Or wring the neck of some lame bird, or stone  
A dog, or hoot to scare the grazing herd,  
Seemed but quintessence of delight to him.  
To bid him do, was bid a thing undone;  
And to destroy, was all he had of fun.  
I coaxed and pled, spoke words of gentle cheer;

Shamed at his heartless acts and vicious moods,  
Then plied the lash without avail, save at  
Each sturdy stroke I saw his snake-eyes gleam  
Like fiery glintage on a darkened stream.

“Revenge sat full upon his somber face,  
While conscious duty was a blank to him.  
The pity is, a creature, human, thus,  
Was ever made, and made, all such, should have  
No power left to reproduce his kind.  
At last I gave the struggle up and sent  
Him home, as one in whom the hope is lost  
For better things, and clog to better lives—  
And now, as last of these extremes, I’ll name  
The frisky, bright-eyed Robby Hutchinson.  
He had a head, gourd-like, and handle off,  
With extra swell behind his coon-like ears,  
And flattened skull, commencing where the hair  
In brindle kinks began to crawl up to  
The crown; his eyes of hazel, had a light  
In them, the hawk is not a stranger to;  
His nose, full, high and drooping at the point,  
Was not, in shape, unlike the eagle’s beak.  
His lips, thick-set and cut across his face  
Without a curve, with jaw of ample strength,  
And chin that rounded in a swelling lump.  
His mind was bright and active as a mink’s  
He loved the sports afield, but ever edged  
Toward the maidens skipping of the rope,  
And tagged with them, when on the sly he could  
Essay, without observe of colder eyes.

“His greatest fault was pilfering; no chance  
Escaped he could improve to scoop a ball,  
Or marble not his own; his pockets full  
And bulging out with nuts and rusty knives

And keeps and pencil stubs and bits of string  
Were laughing stock for all the grinning school.  
With expert hand and undue haste he would  
Divide some other student's hoard of fruit.  
But never once conceived of such a thing  
As kindly give and take in consonance  
Of soul in human reciprocity.  
He seemed, in truth, the early counterpart  
Of many anxious men, who strive through life  
To pile up wealth they cannot use, and die  
Undone and lost to all the elements  
That was intended should distinguish them  
From ghouls and brutish beasts—unsouled—  
To rot as carrion in a vaulted grave.  
What can be done with such as these? The warp  
Of life without the filling woof that makes  
The tangle threadbar in the sight of God!  
Surprising is the thought, and dumb we stand  
Amid infinity of problems yet  
Unsolved and feel about for evidence  
Of what we are, with just a glimmer in  
The distance of a star that moves the heart  
To hope it is the harbinger to light  
The soul of man to knowledge of himself:—  
The centerstance of all philosophy—  
To know which is to know the remedy  
For all our ills and knowing, give us strength  
Of purpose to apply the urgent need.

## CANTO XVI.

“For three full years I labored thus among  
This simple trusting people; proud they seemed  
Of progress made by all their little ones,  
And praised my work with many kindly words.  
In these three years Nenona had outgrown  
The place, as does a thrifty myrtle top  
All lesser growth, with bloom that stinteth not.  
The reputation of its excellence.

“She seemed the idol of each heart in all  
The land, example in deportment marked,  
And when distress sat brooding on the mind  
Of some poor soul, a tear, or tender word  
From her, of sympathy, that led the way  
To hope, the darkness disappeared, as when  
A cloud obscuring light unshades the sun.

“She had no art but that which nature gave;  
No studied pose, or word to gain control,  
But in her missions merciful, pure soul  
Met soul, as do the welling waters of  
A limpid stream commingle with the flow  
Of some sweet river running to the sea.  
In fact, all language stands abashed, and feels  
Confused in utter helplessness to name  
A pearl so true and constant in its light.

“But then, I felt that all things beautiful  
Must pass. Infinity has thus ordained,  
And though one staggers with the load imposed  
At duty's call, there is no other light  
Along the weary path of life that gives  
To view the guide-posts on the way, but that

Which conscience sheds upon the trusting soul.  
At times, it seemed, I felt like one who finds  
A shining star and in supremacy  
Of selfishness would hide it from the gaze  
Of everyone but his, unmindful of  
The darkness wrought upon the world by such  
Ungainly mood and depth of littleness.

“So, curbing as I could, each selfish wish  
And nerving all my better nature for  
The sacrifice, I did resolve that she  
Should go to some academy or school  
Sufficiently advanced and skillful in  
Design, to find the crowning peaks whereon  
Consoling light of knowledge ever shines.

“Not such as blunt and bend and warp the mind  
By sect or austere creed embodiments,  
That circumscribe the broader range of thought  
And cramp it in a sphere no larger than  
The cranium of some assuming crank,  
Or gloomy cloister, who prates of things  
He knows not of—but to a training school,  
That teaches God in nature, scope and breadth  
So magnified, to fit infinity  
Of space, and show divinity in all  
Things made, inanimate and such as live  
In form of man, as cap, and under him  
The beast and bird and teeming world.

“So, on a golden afternoon that marked  
The change of summer heat to autumn's edge,  
With all its glory of maturing fruits,  
When mingled green and yellow awnings on  
The stately trees, hung passively in place  
And whispered to each passing breeze of what  
Their fate should be, and when their call would come

To move like some pale, mournful caravan,  
To bosom all their sorrows in the earth,  
As mortals do, when life has spent its force  
For good or ill, Nenona sat, and I  
Beside her, on the smooth, round, barkless trunk  
Of alder tree, long prone upon the ground.

“Away to westward, where we looked, the sun  
Stood mantled in a silver cloud, while down  
Below his amber skirts, the sea’s great stretch  
Of surface, marked beyond the horizon  
With murmur undefinable to those  
Who never heard its dismal tale of woe.

“While thus we viewed and mused in silence on  
The beauty of the scene, I felt the time  
Had come to speak of that which I would fain  
Forego, had heart or duty prompted less.  
While yet I thought about the manner of  
Approach, Nenona thus delightfully  
Exclaimed, while spread the soul’s imprint upon  
Her face, as moisture follows foot imprint in  
Yielding sand along the sounding sea:

“‘O, lovely land, of Lesbo’s summer skies!  
In flowing robes of green and brightest gold,  
Where dwelleth surely some Divinity  
Of Amphion that buildeth up this scene,  
With harp, enchanting in its melodies.’

“‘Well done,’ said I, ‘that strain is surely from  
Sweet Sapho’s string, that sounds forever in  
The fair, sweet, sunny streets of Mitylene;  
But since romance does sink to littleness  
When life’s oppressive load of care commands  
Attention sad and seriously,  
I wish a confidential chat with you.

“‘Five years and more have passed, Nenona, since

You came among us as a waif cast from  
The cruel sea, like some surprising bud  
From tropic zone, which we have nurtured in  
Development, as does a botanist,  
Some new-found treasure of the floral world,  
Which, in its tender culturing, does lean  
Upon its neighbor for support, with breath  
Of rarest excellence. So has it been  
With you, Nenona; more than all the hope  
We cherished at your coming, has, in truth,  
Been realized, for wheresoever thou  
Art known in all this sunny land, there hangs,  
Inviting to your pull, the latch string of  
Each household, as a breath of blooming spring  
Finds gentle welcome to all human hearts.

“ I do not wish to flatter you; in fact,  
It would be vain to undertake a task  
So difficult, and so I hope you'll take  
No umbrage at these seeming compliments.  
And if you claim that I should verify  
My words, I will present to you a wall  
Of human testimony that shall more  
Than satisfy. If this be not enough,  
I will collect the lovely linnets and  
Fair kittens of the vale, and forming one  
Great ring of all the people—you among  
The rest—and setting down the show of birds  
And little cats, as centerstance, and if  
They move not in a drove toward your stand,  
I will agree, upon my bending knees,  
To pay the forfeit of this compliment.

“ But then I will desist. It is enough  
To know you live among us now, and who  
Has such effrontery to undertake

Description of the morning star, when she  
Is manifest to every living soul?  
The counsel which I wish with you is this—  
By application most remarkable,  
And measure of intelligence to see  
The way, your progress up the rugged steep  
That lead to summits of eternal light,  
Has passed the stations where we have to stop  
And resting, wonder what is further on.

“ ‘To cramp a soul that hath a flight like yours  
In boundaries of such a place as this,  
Is surely sacrilege of God’s intent—  
To cover jewels with a rusty spade—  
That should outshine the transient glory of  
All earthly wealth, as arching rainbows span  
The somber figure of the whirling globe.

“ ‘As brother, older by ten years, my wish  
Has been advance for you and happiness,  
And since there is no further progress here  
Along the lines of higher learning, you  
Must go where there is latitude to reach  
Above the half-way round on which I stand,  
That loving prophesy of all the vale  
May be fulfilled—that you, in sober truth,  
Shall ultimately gain the borderland  
Where bar is placed that separates the reach  
Of mortal mind from that which is Divine.

“ ‘Now, say the word that you will go from this  
Poor stunted place, to learn the better life  
And higher aim attainable by one  
So favored mentally and morally  
With all the excellence of soul and sense,  
Essential for a flight of mind conceived,  
That follows shining stars, when breathless



Others pause upon the brink of further flight.  
The cost of such advance shall be my own  
And I will make arrangements readily  
And more than recompense shall be to me  
The knowledge of my aid in this affair.'

## CANTO XVII.

“ When closed I this well-meaning speech, she rose  
And stood before me like a statue from  
The mystic hand of Phidias, who had  
The art to make a marble face and form  
Breathe inspiration in the soul of all  
Who has the fortune to behold his work.  
Not rigid, stately stood she there, like one  
Who hears her doom, yet steady as a star  
Holds down the flood of her great agony.

“ Her eyes were on me like two orbs that look  
Out from the depths of space, with sad reproach,  
Expressive of surprise, yet no ill-will  
Or thought offended seemed to cluster there.  
I could but look, my eyes refused to gaze  
Another way, as when enchantment holds  
The mind engaged and blank is all things else.  
At last her lips began to move and like  
The strings of some sweet instrument that breathe  
And quiver in prelude when lightly touched  
By master hand, she said in tones that seemed  
Like some forgotten melody : ‘ I grieve  
To hear your words. My hope has been to live  
Here always, have no other home, nor wish  
No other while I live, No doubt you feel  
This change is for my good. The sacrifice  
You do propose to make in my behalf  
Does well assure concern and wish to aid  
To uttermost in making life for me  
A fragrant bloom, full worthy of the care  
And tender nurturing so lavishly

Bestowed by you and all the people of  
This charming vale, but why transport a half  
Grown linnet to another nest when all  
Its heart is here? I never shall forget  
The priceless aid you have afforded me;  
A father never offered more to one  
He loves; a brother, lover, often less  
Yet, is it evidence of deeper care  
To send a fairly fledgling soul beyond  
The wish and haven of its greatest need?  
To titled schools, where sage professors, glum  
With mighty thoughts that shine among the stars,  
Possess the only ideal that love and faith,  
With straining nerves, should follow to the grave?  
While more of thought and deeper culture of  
The mind, is surely manifest, yet who  
Will say that learning in the abstract brings  
A creature nearer God than he who dwells  
Within these blooming groves, with every thought  
Turned inward on himself, and in the heart  
Of nature delving to discover truth  
And his relation to Divinity?

“ ‘ Like flowers grown in gardens fair, the mind,  
Full tutored where gentle warmth of loving care  
Stands thwart each avenue of yewpas growth,  
Is surely sweet and most commendable.  
But where is strength of such surroundings found?  
Where teeming thousands hurry through the world,  
With thought of naught but gain and giddy show,  
While depths of sin and misery stalk on  
The streets and harbor where the lights are dim?

“ ‘ It is accounted wise and great to soar  
On eagle wings to find a star beyond  
The keen of common men ; but then it seems

To me, a master-mind, unaided by the heart,  
Is like a ship that goes to sea without  
A rudder, seeking oceans fathomless,  
And baffled by the winds, and currents crossed,  
Brings back to port no treasured argosies.

“ ‘Your compliments have been profuse, most kind  
And seemingly sincere. I treasure them  
As rarest gems, but cannot wear them all  
At once, unless I make a gaudy show  
That turns my head from things more serious,  
And starts the flush of swelling vanity.

“ ‘Do not forget my flaxen curls and dress  
Of childhood’s gone. As well you say, five years  
And more have passed, since chance or something else  
Moved with me on the rushing waters to  
Your out-stretched arms, unconscious of myself;  
Helpless and frail beyond my youthful years;  
The tender hearts and hands that wooed me back  
To life again, will rest forever in  
My memory, like fragrant incense on  
An altar built of love, and for your part  
In this affair, I have no words or song  
Of praise, in any wise acceptable.

“ ‘The days and months and years so kindly spent  
To guide my steps aright, and bring within  
The compass of my simple mind the true  
And beautiful in thought and sense of soul  
That maketh mortal something more than flesh  
And blood and life a talisman in charm  
To reach above the sordid aims of time  
Into eternities of better things,  
Is work of yours I never can forget;  
And hoped till now that I might ever be  
Companion in your rambles through these woods

And learn to drink more deeply of the stream  
Of wisdom ever flowing from your lips.

“ ‘ But since you bid my leaving this abode  
For other climes—I know not where—to gain  
More polish and less soul among the learned  
Of other lands, I feel constrained to go.  
Each selfish want and thought must be with me  
Subordinate to wish of yours, for while  
I love these scenes as does the simple child  
A fairyland of butterflies, I know  
Your counsel, ever good, should bear in weight  
Above my preference, as does a star  
The light and shifting dust of fading leaves.

“ ‘ You praise my work in aid of other lives  
As most complete, but really, I think  
Such work is never done, nor never can,  
So long as mortals need a helping hand,  
So long as duty calls, sad want we see,  
And heart of heart does seek its sympathy.

“ ‘ Perhaps ’tis for the best that I should go;  
But then I think the yield will surely be  
But scanty recompense for what I leave.  
Acclimating oft kills the fairest growth;  
No jasmine can stand the winter chill  
Of northern clime, and fades the myrtle bloom  
Among the polar pines; why then attempt  
What nature does abhor, in planting growth  
Of tropic clime beyond the chilling range  
Of Capricorn? No recompense will come  
Of it, no more than can of planting  
Sunny lives, where wraps of fur and cold  
Utility do sap the human heart  
Of sentiment, and make affinities  
In naught but selfish ends! A monster garbed

With gold seems God of more than half the world.

“ ‘ Why then attempt to further plant in fields  
Where mortals are esteemed as dross compared  
To shining wealth? Which is the greater need  
In all the world today, a competence  
With soul, and love for other lives, or gain  
That takes the increment from honest toil?

“ ‘ Ah, Sir, solution of these thoughts are far  
Above my childlike wits, but then, they will  
Well up in every loving heart to plague  
Philosophy that seeks to answer them.  
It seems to me the fairest life in all  
The world is that which is contented with  
Enough and gives of that to help those more  
In need, and labors earnestly for light  
And truth and human betterment?

“ ‘ Each simple atom of the universe,  
Each living thing that moves upon the earth,  
Should fill its little sphere and be at rest.  
It seems to have been so ordained, and he  
Who clambers high upon the shoulders of  
The race, regardless of the rights of those  
Beneath, hath lost, in truth, the semblance of  
Humanity, and monster makes of that  
Which God intended should be help to man.

“ ‘ If pilgrimage to crowning schools of fame,  
That overlook the busy marts of men  
Is acme of the sunburnt country swain,  
And highest aim in God’s utility,  
Why does the forest bloom upon the plain?  
Beside the running streams and on the slopes  
That lift their verdure upward to the sky?  
Where start the streams that glint the sunny vales  
And sing to Him who made their shining pearls?

Why wave the fields and meadows blooming, with  
The incense of Divinity, not cramped  
Within great city walls, to please with form  
And fragrance all the motley, moving throng?

“ ‘ The mystery no longer mystifies;  
The cities seem no part of God's design  
In makeup of creation, surely are  
They plants exotic, breathing something good  
And much of ill. It fact, they seem  
As moral cancers in the stomach of  
The world, that putrefy, unless infused  
Continually with rural blood that flows  
As limpid streams to purify the mass  
Intoxicated with excess, is life.  
Perhaps I overdraw the picture here,  
And set comparison to grinning in  
His sleeve, like some rude boy that dresses up  
A doll ungainly for the sport of it.

“ ‘ But be that as it may, I now will cast  
Objection to the wind and bow, in truth,  
Submission to your wish. It may be that  
The children will forget the little waif  
That came among them years ago. I have  
No right to claim their loves, as what I've done  
Has been conceived a duty to myself  
For all the care and tenderness received.  
But still I go as goes the lamb torn from  
Its mother's side with bleat and bleeding heart,  
That balm of time can never fully heal,  
Nor memory allow forgetfulness.

“ ‘ It seems to me that God is nearer here  
Than any place in all the land. The pines  
That worship on the hills; the sylvan nook,  
The blooming glen, the silver stream, are all

A part of me as I in nature am  
A part of God, and revel in the thought  
That all eternity will never mar  
Or dim this sweet relationship.  
Deep in this wonderland, my days have passed,  
And are remembered as a lullaby  
When cradled by my loving mother's hand;  
Or as the song of that sweet nightingale  
That echoed music through the blooming wood  
The night before we left sweet Mitylene.  
Full conscious am I that I wane your time  
On things of small account compared to words  
And counsels wise you are disposed to give.

“ ‘ But ere my star of hope goes down and leaves  
Me utter darkness, hear my last appeal—  
It is of thoughts oft welling to my lips  
In happy days forever passed away—  
Of your infinitude of compliments  
And gentleness of mind that fell upon  
My heart like sunshine on a tiny plant,  
That it might grow among the larger fold.  
So let me say—For all this warmth and light  
Thus caused by you to fall upon my soul,  
Like heavenly incense from an holy urn,  
I never can repay. Here is my hand  
And in it all my heart. These all I have—  
I never loved before, I never can again.’ ”

“ At this she sank, subdued, upon her knees  
Before me, trembling like an aspen leaf,  
While, with her hands before her face, the tears  
Ran through her fingers like great pearl drops,  
Streaming from a golden horn of gems.  
What could I do? What could I say? It seemed  
I had no choice of approach, or wish,



Or hope of rescue from the summer dream  
Of beauty kneeling there. So as a child,  
I took her to my arms and folding there  
In rapture to my heart, while kisses fell  
In showers fresh and sweet as honey dew.

L. of G.

## CANTO XVIII.

“ Fair days and weeks ran into nimble month,  
As in sweet havens of Hesperides  
Where happiness does sit in laps of ease,  
And all the golden fruits of ripened time  
Hang ready for a desert luxury  
Of soul and sense and appetites of love’s  
Warm breath and dalliance, unshadowed by  
A cloud above the future’s horizon.

“ The time was set when we should be as one,  
And all the vale appear as witnesses.  
The day was that fair anniversary  
Of Him who came to bless and save the world;  
The little church, all decked in evergreens,  
Late rose and lily bloom, did seem to smile  
On everyone who entered *there*, as when  
A floral arch bends in its welcome down  
And greets the passing throng, delighted with  
The scenery and graceful art displayed.  
The tolling bell called all to worship *there*,  
As did the star above sweet Bethlehem  
So many rounding centuries ago.

“ With invocation to Divinity,  
And songs of praise that lift humanity  
Above the weary run of daily life—  
Amid the smiles of all the multitude  
The service was performed, and solemnly,  
That made Nenona and myself, two souls,  
In one, as with a band of gossamer,  
Frail as a spider’s woof, yet strong as bands  
Of gold when love is linked with common sense,

And purity stands by with balanced scale.

“ Another room was deftly added to  
The cottage on the sunny slope, in which  
The neighbors joined as do school boys, when much  
Elated, build a habitation for  
Some fairy queen that comes among them for  
A summer's stay, with cheer and gleeful song.  
Old Sanger seemed to know some enterprise  
Was on the taps, uncommon to the place,  
And pranced about surprised, yet gave assent  
In neiker and in snort subdued.

While Rover wondered at the active hands  
Engaged and watched each timber laid, as one  
Not quite persuaded good would come of it.

“ When stood the cottage, quite complete in all  
Appointments consonant with plan, I felt  
The house too big for my sparse furniture.  
So, hitched to wagon, boarded up, two span  
Of dapple grays and sped away across  
The hills, the journey of a day, to port  
That sat on little inlet by the sea,  
And bought a line of modest household goods,  
Fair crockery and tinnery renewed.

A clock of dainty form, on either side  
A maiden stood in Scottish dress, that held  
Aloft its pointing hands and snow-white face  
With dentures black, which marked suggestively  
The hours passing on the wings of time,  
Unchecked by storm, or sun, or mortal wish  
To undo that which is already done.

When glossy furniture was all in place,  
Fair crockery and glass in cupboard sat,  
And kitchen ware in shining rows replaced  
The rusty tins of uncouth batchelerdom,

And warning clock upon the niantel stood.

“A great reception was extended to  
The loving people of the little vale,  
Without a slight or stinting preference.  
Perhaps there may have been such holidays  
Before, perhaps there may be such again,  
But anyway, the people did declare  
That surely in the world there never was  
Occasion half so joyful and filled  
To brim the sweetest of amenities.  
Thus started we, Nenona and myself,  
With sunny maid as cheer and kitchen help,  
To keeping house, untrammelled by a care,  
Save that which ever moved the mind of each  
To make the other always satisfied.

“Fair castles line the banks of sunny streams  
And mountain steeps with moat and parapet;  
And shining turrets, crowned with terreplein,  
While all about are gardens rich in prime,  
Exotic plants, all spiced by tropic suns—  
Yet, who can say, in truth, they do contain  
A happiness of sweeter growth than cots  
Reared in the woods, or on the treeless plain  
And thatched with strips of bark or barley straw.

“About my little home, with tender care  
There grew a labyrinth of flowers, fair  
As those that deck the throne of Flora, when  
In league with May, its queen does shower down  
With lavish hand rich gems plucked from the crown  
Of Dryadese, who roams the pleasant wood,  
And plucks at will her dainty doweries.

“Old Sanger, little worked because of long  
And faithful service, ran at large and free  
As ran the water from the sloping hills;

And when I harnessed younger stock to turn  
The shining furrows in the field, this pet,  
Spoiled by his own exuberance of worth,  
Would watch my work and when the team stood still  
Beneath some spreading tree to blow and rest,  
As if inspector-general of the vale,  
Came prancing up and with an expert eye  
Tramped round and round my nags, as if to see  
That every strap and tug and rein was taut  
And best adjusted to the work in hand.

“While Rover, weaned from all his youthful ways  
By steady training hand of time, would go  
Along demurely, little heeding rat  
Or squirrel, frightened, running from the team;  
But when afield would curl up in the shade  
To dream, perhaps, in retrospect of all  
The years gone by, when active in the chase,  
Or iron stand he ever took on guard,  
Or when a danger seemed to hover near.  
Thus passed the days and weeks and months,  
In toil sufficient for our utmost need.

“Yet leaving leisure ample for sweet rest  
At home, with her, than whom there never lived  
A soul more heavenly in all the land.  
If paradise hath welcome sweeter than  
My own, and man in any way could half  
Discover it, a song of praise would be  
On every lip; distempered ills of life  
Would disappear as did old Tiamat,  
The hag of woes unnumbered—outward hurled  
By potent Marduke, shrieking from the world.

“Two years passed thus in ease and happiness,  
As does the time roll by in wonderland—  
With all we love in gardens of the Gods,

Perfumed by incense from the floral world.  
And then there came a change that checked the flow  
Of earthly bliss, as when Feronia checks  
The flowing streams,—then parch and wither up  
The growth and glory of the nurtured plain.

“A sickness came upon Nenona, not  
Uncommon to her sex, that taxed severe  
The best of skill that sought to bring relief.  
But all in vain, she faded as a rose  
Just bursting into summer bloom on which  
Untimely frost had set its seal of death.

“The people of the vale seemed stupefied  
By this calamity, deep sorrow sat  
On every face; brave men moved to and fro  
Like shadows through the fields, in search, it seemed,  
Of something, knowing hardly what, that might  
Relieve the strain of nerve and troubled mind;  
The women flocked about the house and grounds  
Like doves that coo around their stricken mates,  
Uncomforted by Clotho in their grief.  
The day of her sad funeral did seem  
The darkest ever known, altho the sun  
Stood shadowless high in the arch above.

“Just yonder on that sunny slope we laid  
Her lovely form, in life a shining star  
That had no orbit through the cold, blue sky,  
But in its daily round shed ample light  
For sweetest leadership in all good works.  
The little babe is with her there in peace,  
And all the consolation left us is,—  
The balm of memory that ever clings  
To loved ones lost, with hope of union where  
The skies are clear and peace forever there,  
For all who love and dare to do the right.

“ How little seems the worth of life when called  
To bear calamity like this, and naught  
But fortitude and trust in God can stand  
Against the growth of lunacy, that drags  
The mind to gloomy bogs and bottomless,  
Unguided by a single shining star?  
I lived no longer as myself, for three  
We were, yet two were in the silent grave.

“ My interest in the work about the farm  
Did cease; and from the day we buried her  
The neighbors nurtured it, and gave as rent  
Whatever suited them. 'Tis wonderful  
How little mortals need upon the earth!  
I had no wish for company; reserve  
Came over all my life and grief did sit  
Consoler as the seasons slowly passed.

“ When two full years had fled without relief,  
I cleared the rubbish and the rubble stones  
From this surprising cavern—built by some  
Eruption in the early ages of  
The world, before old Thurnes cooled the earth—  
Then bringing here belongings such as made  
It comfortable, moving in the place  
With Rover following. And thus I've lived  
For thirty years, supplied with simple needs  
Gleaned from the farm and garden there below  
The grave, where, as you see, a crystal stream  
Runs near, which is at times diverted to  
The plot and used for watering the plants  
And posies, hedged about with spicy shrubs,  
Where in their tilling does allow escape  
From gloomy solitude, that patient waits  
Along the strand, with hope to quench in flow  
Of Lethe remains of human memories.

“For many years I made an annual  
Pilgrimage down to the golden sands  
That line the ocean shore, and once did build  
A little hamlet where Nenona lay  
When rescued lifeless from the cruel sea.  
But as all earthly work of human hands  
Is evanescent as the falling leaves—  
The first full moon that pulled to eastward with  
The sun did flood the mighty stretch of shore,  
And washed away my ruined tenement,  
As lesson that the props of life cannot  
Support for length of days the things we love.

“Poor Rover ultimately grew so old,  
That like some sage philosopher, with head  
Upon his paws, would dream away the time  
And little caring for a thing beside  
A crust. At last the flickering lamp went out.  
And now, perhaps, with life renewed, he has,  
With others, reached the happy hunting ground.  
Who knows? Who can deny that mind of man  
And beast is not, in fact, an essence from  
A common source, and measured out to meet  
The need of everything that lives, and soul,  
But conscious memory of what has been?

“Since then I hardly go below the plot  
Of garden truck, but never have I in  
Those thirty, weary years, a single day  
Delayed a visit to Nenona's grave  
And carried flowers there, the freshest that  
The season could afford, and there behold!  
The pathway beaten bare by weary feet,  
Unrestful only on the lonely tramp.

“The time approaches for my final call.  
More I am than satisfied with length



Of years, yet hope I that they have not been  
In vain. As nature softens down the hard  
Cold stones, with Time's erosive hand, so have  
I sought each day to wear away some ill  
Of soul remaining in my life, and make  
A flower grow where aspen grew before.

"I know myself and know what nature has  
In store for me. That dust to dust shall this  
Poor frame return, and what there is in it  
Of spirit shall return to sources whence  
It came. If life exists beyond the grave  
Wherein a soul can recognize itself,  
I know that memory of evil deeds  
Is conscious hell, and highest heaven only  
Conscious duty well performed,  
And that all faith is measured by its works,  
And Isms stand before the Judgment seat  
Confronted by the inquiry, 'What bring  
You here in purity of soul, what mite  
Of worth for human good, and measure give  
Above the measure meted out to you?'  
If death is an eternal sleep it is  
God's will, and I will not presume to will  
It otherwise; 'To be or not to be,'  
It matters not so far as duty goes.

"The fairest soul in this abode of death  
And in another life, if such there be,  
Is, that which doeth all things well, with faith  
In God that justice shall prevail.  
This is the story of my troubled past,  
Perhaps a fair example of the life  
Of average men who live in every land.  
It seemed your wish that I should say as much,  
And only hope that you are paid for time

Expended thus. Perhaps the lesson may  
Assist you in the years to come; we all  
Need counsel as we limping go along  
The thorny road, encouraged by the hope  
That he who suffers most for righteousness  
Will ultimately reach the shining mark,  
Set high above all sordid things, where ends  
The constant wear of earthly pilgrimage.

“Farewell, the night stands near meridian,  
The half-full moon has set, the tide is ebb;  
And nature sleeps; may peace be with us all.”

At this the Hermit closed his eyes, his lips  
Were still and silence reigned in that abode.  
Death was the welcome messenger that stood  
Between two worlds and called the weary soul,  
As does a loving mother whisper to  
Her babe and sings an evening lullaby.  
Most tenderly the people of the vale,  
With many floral offerings, did lay  
To rest the aged hermit by the side  
Of his fair wife to sleep in silence there  
While move the ages to the end of time.

## Yosemite.

Whence art thou, spirit of the Evil Wind?  
And thy twin sister of the Ribbon Fall?  
From womb of deepest chaos comest thou?  
Or did some late convulsion give thee birth?  
We will assume, that Vishnu wooed the "white  
Robed Goddess of the hills," and in his warmth  
Of love, does melt her frozen heart, and tears  
Of bliss her eyes suffuse, while Venus weaves  
Therefrom "a Bridal Veil" of diamond mist  
And rainbow tints, so curved and charming that  
The sun delights to linger on them, ere  
"Cathedral Rock" its vesper bells engage.

These things to us reveal their mystery;  
But whence the overhanging crags that hold  
Aloft in dim outline, the crowning arch  
Of heaven's azure, starlit canopy,  
And frown like giant gods upon the deep  
Recesses of the wooded vale beneath?  
Fair white-robed hills, for later Autumn clothed---  
With green and gold of pine and cedar, for  
A crown of waving plumage; will you please  
A moment to forget your solemn grandeur,  
And let your stony hearts, with human hopes  
Bear sympathy,—and thus allow frail man  
To learn a lesson of Divinity?

If answer hast thou not for me, consult  
Thy lordly brother, proud "Yosemite;"  
If knowledge yet abideth not with him,  
Pray will you counsel "Rushing Water?"  
And from "the Diamond Cataract," I'll weave  
For you a jeweled crown of shining pearls!  
All dumb and silent; not a single sound  
To solve this mystery of all the ages?  
Then speak to me, bright "Goddess of the Vale!"  
Whence comes your crowning height? and thy grim mate,  
The ball-domed sphinx, like "Martyr Mountain?"  
I do beseech a whisper from you now;  
You are not dead; God's life is in you, as  
It is in man; we breathe to gather from  
The same eternal source of soul and mind!  
And what in Him is not, is not in us;  
And what is not in us, does not exist!

All silent as the grave of ages, gone  
Around the cycles of eternity!  
Divest yourself of all this irony,  
"Great Valley Chief," but second in command,  
And learn me something of the things that were,  
And teach me best how I can worship God!  
Is there no hope to gain a clew that may  
Reveal the mandate, bringing forth so much  
Of wonder 'midst these torn and shaggy hills?  
You are my elder brother, which I love;  
Then give me half your heart a moment, so  
That I may feel the common pulse of nature,  
Beating through us all, as one in Him  
Who doeth all things well, and I'm content,  
And will refrain to further question you.  
'Tis vain! One effort more and I am done!

At last, to thee I come, with invocation,  
"O mighty Cloud Rest!" Tell me, if in truth,  
Thou comest from the magic womb of time,  
Forever hidden from the finite gaze?  
Did God decree this wonderland for thee—  
Or was it Fate that did ordain it so?

Long silence stood oppressed at coming change;  
The somber mist turned pale with amber light;  
As daybreak falls upon the crown of night;  
Then rosy tinges of the coming sun,  
Revealed the glory of that Awful One.

A tremor ran through all the crags and hills  
As when in fright one feels his body quake,  
And clutches object nearest for support.  
The Vernal Falls turned green with envy at  
The sight of that supreme uplifting—  
Hooded round about with drifting snow;  
While "Old Nevada" splintered up in mist  
Her shining robes, to make a regal crown,  
Dove-tailed about with bits of rainbow,  
That some attention might remain to her.  
Grand was the view the upland gods beheld!  
Deep to the westward, winding in and out  
Among the shrubs and trees and crowning crags,  
The silver river, sunlit, sheen-like, seemed  
A belt about the waist of fairyland,  
That girdled more of beauty, grandeur and  
Divine, than all enfoldings of the sweetest forms  
That lavish nature has vouchsafed to man.

In silence, Expectation sat dumbfounded;  
Sere, intent and still, the hoary heads

That guard have kept for many ages past,  
In all this waste of crowning solitudes,  
Frowned down upon "the Brother Twins," who stood  
Upright and tip-toed for a better view.  
Surrounded by his subjects, dressed in white,  
On high Sierra's pure and burnished throne,  
With face to westward, scanning many leagues  
Of intervening woodland, hill and dale,  
Did great "Mount Whitney," blank with wonder, gaze.  
And in this hush of sound and waiting time,  
Where seemed to hang an age of doubt and fear—  
In every breath, great "Cloud Rest" murmured thus:

"For long, revolving ages, I, in silence  
Held great Nature's secret, and designed  
To hold it to the end. The magic key  
Which chance hath given thee, unlocks my lips;  
And now beneath the garb of theory,  
Of which the book-fools prate so learnedly,  
I will relate some antecedents.

"God rules! and next to Him in grandeur stands  
These adamantine walls, o'er which have I  
So long and faithfully presided.  
Deep in the distance of the mighty past,  
There was a time when this stupendous gorge  
Was not. The rough-hewn hills which sat around  
Like loyal subjects, waiting my command,  
And all those higher, barren granite peaks—  
Once held as giant pillars of the State,—  
Knew no severance. Peacefully we dwelt  
Together, massive, sere and winter crowned.  
But potent forces, silent grew beneath.  
The cooling earth did slowly crust about

The inner cauldron of the boiling flood;  
And as the swaying igneous grew less,  
An intervening space was formed, in which  
A smoldering hell-force grew prodigious.

“The earth did swing, as does a whirling top,  
And reel beneath, then came the mighty crash!  
God’s great foundation stones were rent in twain.  
The hills were broken up and chopped about  
Like rolling billows on a troubled sea.  
Destruction stood aghast and wondered at  
Her awful work. The wealth of pent-up pearls  
Did rush with reckless fury round the gorge,  
And each division, severed from the rest,  
Did seek to find escape. From point to point,  
With murmur and complaint, the waters surged,  
Until the verge of some high cliff was reached,  
And then, like tramping soldiers, coming on  
Behind the lead, at pace too swift for check,  
They leaped together down the yawning gulf!  
And thus the push of foremost from behind,  
Goes on and on forever.

“Down in the mist of time  
This wonder place did not exist as now—  
Some clefts of granite rock and running rills—  
And trees with intervening vales between—  
But down and down a narrow gorge of death  
These perpendicular walls did stretch below,  
Till smoke and fire and fumes of gloomy hell  
Did seethe and boil at touch of rushing streams,  
That sought to cool the crater as they fell.  
Instead, as now, of counting flights by scores,  
These falls then leaped as many thousand feet,

Curved and lashed to fury as they went.  
Cycling ages since have passed away;  
Decay has scored her many victories;  
Rock by rock, the yawning gulf was filled  
From height of mountain spur and crater cap,  
With silt and drift from sloping eastern hills,  
Washed in from drifting snow and winter floods,  
Did make this valley what it is, and set  
Apart by Time's decree, these rugged cliffs.

“ If doubt of this great truth possess thee, dig  
Into the bowels of the center vale,  
A thousand fathoms deep, and there you'll find  
The crumbling edges of the hidden walls,  
And round about, slim-based, projecting crags;  
And in between, dark caverns, grim and old,  
Filled in with rubbish of ten thousand years.  
God reigns! Decay does hang in every wind,  
And ere another cycle passes out,  
These crowning heights of flint and adamant,  
Shall surely crumble, into level plain,  
Or into rolling slopes, so gentle, that  
The plowman's pride will be to smoothly turn  
The yielding soil, with sturdy team and share;  
To plant his crops and garner yellow grain.  
Aye, all these feathery cataracts shall fail,  
And disappear before the march of time,  
As have God's children of these rugged hills—  
Destiny ruled, ruined and forgotten!

“ If wish is thine to reach the soul of nature,  
Claim thou kinship with the shining worlds  
And learn a lesson which each sun and star  
And satellite, has mastered long ago:



That innate force, by God's decree, does move  
In harmony the mighty universe,  
With every shining system leaning on  
The others for support and sympathy.  
So man should feel, in spirit and in truth,  
A part of all that is, and realize  
That purity of life with love and aid  
For every living soul, is all there is  
Of worth in all religions in the world.  
So all are ever equal in the scale  
Of God's ordaining, as the water drops  
That fill the vortex of the mighty sea.

“Man, alone, of all his Maker's works,  
Has failed in his appointing. Mind he has,  
And well designed, but warped to selfish ends,  
That make him strut about, as if he had  
No other aim upon the earth, but clutch  
With robber hands, each pearl and seeming prize  
In sight, regardless of his brother's rights;  
And helpless Want goes crying from his door,  
As if the fullness of the earth was not  
Designed by God for every human need!

“There seems no hope to suage this thirst for gain  
And love of pomp and tinsel show in man,  
Divinely formed, and yet a vapid fool  
In all things great or wise, for human good.  
For glut of wealth he'll hazard sense and soul,  
And friendship spurn, as if it grew on trees,  
Instead of precious jewel, richer than  
A shining gem, or flower sweeter than  
Sirisha bloom on brow of Sakoontala.

“ We grieve that it is so, and warn you that  
The past reveals the future of the race!  
Long, cycling ages come and go, into  
The ocean of the past, while nations rise  
And flourish for a time with peace and love,  
Then fall like giant pines upon the hills.  
And others grow from ashes of decay!

“ If thou, in conflict with the greedy world,  
Yet have a heart and soul for better things;  
Then seek to know that God forever reigns;  
In truth, to know Him, is to know thyself;  
To know thyself, is knowledge of the laws  
That permeate the circling universe;  
Without which, chaos would control, as does  
The wind, the dust, or wafting heather down.

“ I leave you now, this is the last recall;  
But ere my voice is hushed in solitude,  
Some counsel will I, and a warning give,  
Which, well observed, with faith, will safely guide  
You in the golden pathway up to God!  
The major hates of all the world are based  
Upon the Isms, bred for selfish ends.  
Your Maker hath no need of advocates  
To talk much doggerel on sacred things  
They know not of and try to prove a lie  
By conjured text of horrid infamy,  
And call it Brahma, or some Molock work.

“ The only blind are those who will not see.  
God is the living soul of everything  
In universal harmony with Him;  
And every sin is violated law.

Praise is only truth personified;  
Religion is the love of things that are;  
Peace with God is duty well performed;  
Heaven is but mind of purity;  
And hell is conscience crucified upon  
The altar of remorse."

## Ville de Saint Nazaire.

[This good ship, "French, by manning and in name," left New York on Friday, March 4, 1897, bound for Port au Prince, Hayti or Hispanolia. Two days out, she encountered a fearful storm off Cape Hatteras, in which the vessel foundered. Of the eighty-two passengers and crew, only four are known to have escaped with their lives.]

'Twas on an evil-omened morning in  
That month of all the year, which dresses for  
A summer's day and yet so fickle that  
Before an hour passes she has changed  
Her mood and dons a robe of doubtful hue,  
With flounces frilled and fulled for winter's wear,  
That Ville de Saint Nazaire—by manning French,  
And make, staunch in timber, mast and sail—  
Did leave the Hudson, weird and shadowed by  
Old Gotham, bound for port in Hispanolia,  
Which Columbus thought the Ophir, whence  
Fine gold and pearls did flow like shining stream  
Into the coffers of that Hebrew king,  
Who had no equal in the ages passed—  
Where the Vega Real, watered by  
The Yuma, sweet lamos and the plain  
Of Cayes to the westward, green and fertile,  
Fair beyond Arcadian dream;  
And as an outlook, crowning all the land,  
With head above the morning mist, stands old  
Cibo, clothed with whispering pines and palms  
And roble oak, and where the richest fruits  
And fairest flowers grow in beauty so  
Profusely that, with loss of Eden, Eve  
Would have lived, supreme and happy there.

Thus bound and manned and moved by steam and sail  
And wind, the vessel glided onward, while  
The galley crew and passengers, with cheer  
And sport and pun, and all the little ones  
Went romping round the deck with hide and seek,  
Passed pleasantly the breezy, fleeting hours.  
Two days moved out upon the flood of time,  
While Joy in flowing robes, sat queen of hearts!  
And then there came a change. The ship had reached  
That storm bound headland, where the gulf stream  
flows

And vibrates like a monster of the deep,  
With bulk of form so huge and breath so hot,  
That currents from the shore-line rush to fill  
The vortex made in air and sea by this  
Old Leviathan, ceaseless onward moving,  
When commotion holds communion with  
The damned and all things human, helpless,  
Drifting, flounders in the raging flood.

Oh, who has ever seen a storm at sea?  
God moves the troubled waters there alone—  
No fetish, old triumvirate; but One  
Eternal as the everlasting hills.  
Fair isles and woodland dells and mountain crags,  
Beget in simple minds a host of gods:  
But God is God forever on the deep!  
Amid the warring elements of wind  
And wave, that fight their battles o'er and o'er,  
For such dominion as the gods abhor,  
And pile up wreckage on the dreary coast,  
Where ships go down and precious lives are lost,  
Did Sunday morning, sere and bleak and cold,  
With haggard look and blood-spots on the sun,

Find the gallant vessel speeding onward.  
The murky sky grew dark, the ocean breathed  
With ominous omen; and anxious Care  
Sat silent on the Captain's swarthy face;  
Sailors ordered, moved as though they knew  
The danger lurking in the heaving sea;  
While others stood like pillars at their post.

Squall on squall, came howling by, as if  
To say, "Hell holds dominion further down!"  
Every sail was furled; the masts and spars  
Appeared as remnants left, all sere and bleak—  
Of some old forest, tangled in the rage  
Of tempest roar or western cyclone.  
And when the weary day had passed and night  
Set in, the bravest heart on board grew faint  
With fear, for every heaving billow floods  
The ship; great shoals of foam and surf poured down  
The hatchways; engines ceased to move; the wheels  
Stood still; fires quenched; the vessel logged  
With bilge, and rushing water from the deck.  
The bowsprit with the bridal ropes about  
Its mouth did cower like a charger in  
Some mortal combat; groaning like a thing  
Of life; the vessel rolled from side to side,  
As if death wounded by some fatal dart  
Of steel, transfixed within its heaving heart.

"Low twelve," rang out the sturdy night watch,  
But not the looked-for word that, "All is well."  
And many felt as if it were the knell,  
Before the leap into eternity;  
So, every soul on board now sought the deck,  
For hope of rescue seemed suspended by

A hair. Not one betrayed the horror in  
His heart, except by blanching faces.  
Freezing hands clung on to hilliard, stays  
And running rigging-reft and lagging.  
Every eye was on the Captain as  
He swayed upon the bridge. "The vessel's lost;  
No other hope is left us but the boats.  
Let go!" Four of them floundered in the flood  
A moment, then were crushed to splinters by  
The ship. A lull, and then the other four  
Were lowered safely in the wreckage lee,  
And all on board were crowded into them.

Captain Berry took command of one,  
Containing near two score of souls, all told,  
Including one poor, weary woman, and  
Four little ones, half-clad and weeping sorely.  
The signal lights were carried in this boat,  
And all the others ordered, it to follow.  
But wind and wave too mighty for the men,  
Did scatter them like feathers on the sea,  
To meet each other not again forever.  
Besides the drenching spray that swashed and flew  
About the boat like white-robed diamonds.  
The night was cold beyond endurance;  
The oarsmen heaved and tugged and splashed amid  
The ridging waters, with a stroke too deep,  
And then a skip, with home thrusts in between;  
And tiller held by one with nerves of steel,  
And thus brave hearts, with hands half frozen, kept  
The prow to windward—shoreward leaning, while  
The others bailed the boat of foam and bilge.  
And so the weary night moved slowly on,  
As if she lingered in delight to witness

Human woe. Some, dazed and frozen, threw  
Themselves into the sea, to rest and rock  
Forever in the cradle of the deep.  
There is no name for such a death! The brave  
And laggard down together go, thus prone  
And helpless as a cedar in a cyclone.  
Yet all this horror strong men can endure  
And whimper not at fate's decree, but to  
Behold the prattling babe and little forms  
Half-famished, clad, and freezing, clinging to  
Their dying mother, begging for a crust,  
Or comfort, does despair the bravest heart,  
And sets the soul of anguish on the lips  
Of him who hath a spark of sympathy.  
O God! The weary, watchful hours of  
That gruesome wreck, tossed on the flood, with hope  
Stagnating in the heart of those within  
The little skipper. Day by day the crew  
Grew less, as many took their leave, distressed  
Beyond endurance. Others died from chill  
And hunger, with the mother and her brood.  
With health and home upon a spot of God's  
Green earth, the days move on like passing dreams,  
Oft fraught with visions of the blessed, where none  
Could wish a moment spent more pleasantly,  
And all do grieve that hours are so fleet.  
But save us from the ocean's wreckage!  
Where sits the demoned hunger, gnawing at  
The vitals; thirst that maddens for a draught  
Of lashing foam, or gulp of that blue hell broth,  
Surging further down, that burns into  
The life blood like a fire never quenched  
Until its victim seeks relief beneath  
The frowning waters, coral stranded,



Robed in seaweed for eternal sleep.  
Thus surrounded, floundered on the boat—  
Old Time, in mockery stood still; the days  
Seemed years; the hours, months, and moments, days,  
Half halting with the ages as they passed.

A week out on the lashing waves, with *want*  
Aboard, unbridled for his human gorge;  
The little craft, unmanned, lay helpless, drifting,  
When was sighted off the Fenish Islands by  
The Hilda. All were dead but four wan forms  
And they were raving with delirium.  
Three bodies rolled with every swell upon  
The boat's wet bottom, while at stern there sat  
A form, half clad, upright and rigid, yet  
Still firmly holding to the restless tiller,  
With eyes wide open, peering forward through  
The mist and spray, as if in duty bound,  
Alive or dead, to keep the boat afloat,  
And save the wreck of human life remaining.  
God seems to have ordained it that the soul  
Of man should be revealed when ruined hopes  
And desolation overtake the forms  
We love, and death's pale horse sweeps on  
Toward the highlands of eternity.  
But then, endurance of the bravest hath  
Its limit; so it was with Pierre X. Mucore.  
His spirit stood a moment on his face  
And broke a smile upon his rigid lips—  
For as he looked and steered he surely saw  
The blissful haven of eternal rest  
Where sorrow ends and joy forever reigns.

## The Lover's farewell.

Leona, harsh Leona, how

I loved thee, tongue can never tell.

Leona, harsh Leona, now

With bitterness I say farewell.

The hope of all my early years,

Has turned to wormwood and gall,—

I go, but shall restrain my tears,

And no return shall meet your call.

You did by words and winning ways,

And all the charm that love displays,

Enchant my heart to sing your praise,

And kindle longings to a blaze.

Ah! laugh you may, you cunning elf,

Ah! laugh to scorn, this passion mine,

Ah! laugh, and look upon yourself,

As one above me, and divine.

Hadst thou restrained me in advance,

Hadst thou but said, "It is in vain,"

Hadst thou but warned me in my trance,

It would have saved my soul from pain.

But like a fawn to me you skipped,

When in the garden came I near,

And elfish-like, to me you tipped

Your hand and lip for welcome cheer.

How could I help to love a thing,  
So lovely and so sweet to me ;  
How could I help to feel the sting,  
As he who toys the honey bee ?

And now you say you had no thought—  
That I was like a little shad,  
With crumbs and pin-hook glibly caught,  
And then complain—"It is too bad !"

I know the power you possess,  
To make a man an arrant fool ;  
I know the charm of your caress,  
And laughing, send a heart to shoal !

It is all ended now, my lark,  
I know your method and can prove—  
You strike a blaze, without a spark  
Of sympathy, or light of love.

Laugh on, and giggle as you may—  
I feel the steel within my breast,  
I will not hope you to repay,  
This poignant sorrow and unrest.

The blush of youth is on your cheek,  
A smile enchants your lip to curl,  
You will the hearts of others seek,  
And when they're found, you'll call them "churl."

But in the matchless tune you play  
Upon the chords of manly love,—  
Beware ! there's sure to come a day,  
That will, in truth, your ruin prove.

The sweet forget-me-not does bloom,  
And crumble into shining dust,

But leaves a fragrance on its tomb,  
That tells of love and sweetest trust.

And so it is with all things pure,  
And so it is with loving souls,  
Yet fickleness cannot endure,  
But ashes to its lips it holds.

Farewell, your bitter day will come ;  
Farewell, your youth will soon be gone ;  
Farewell, your calloused heart, all dumb,  
Will gasp for help when there is none.

I will not leave thee with a curse,  
I've loved too well to harbor hate—  
I've loved too well, and now can scarce  
Resign thee to thy coming fate.

I give my hand and thus we part ;  
I give my hand and wish you well ;  
I give my hand but not my heart,  
For such as yours is love in hell.

A time will come, as come it must,  
When all your fickleness will fail ;  
A time will come, when in the dust,  
You may your thoughtless words bewail.

I go as one who daggers feel,  
Who seeks to hide from further ill,  
And temper up his heart to steel,  
Against the passion with me still.

Farewell ! and may your faith abide,  
That justice has been done to me ;  
Farewell ! I go, as does the tide,  
That sighing, dies upon the sea.

## Carmena's Curse.

The miner's wife stood in the door,  
The miner's wife at Hazleton,  
With care her features spreading o'er,  
From stint of fare her husband won.

Her dress was neat, with threadbare sleeves,  
With mended skirt, of faded check,  
With apron tattered at the eaves,  
And ribbon bound about the neck.

Her feet were shoeless, white and bare,  
Her face was of the Grecian mould,  
Loose flowed, unbound, her yellow hair,  
The counterpart of yellow gold.

Close pressed within her loving arms,  
Her child was mantled on her breast,  
While throb to throb the lifeblood warms,  
The little one, with hand caressed.

Her eyes were strained far down the street,  
Toward the miner's caverned hole,  
As if expectant there to meet  
The living image of her soul.

The cruel guns ! She heard the blast,  
That murdered twenty mining men ;  
She listened, watched each face that passed,  
Before her on the slippery lane.

Then came in sight an ambulance,  
Made of a miner's coat and tore,  
And while she stood beside in trance,  
They bore it through her humble door.

They gently raised it in their strength,  
And laid in on the cheerless bed,  
And there she saw, stretched out at length,  
Her noble husband, pale and dead.

One shriek she gave, and to the floor,  
Fell like a stick or cobblestone,  
To see her helpmate grim with gore,  
Her life, her earthly all, her own.

Dazed in the passing days that came,  
Upon this harrow of her heart,  
She grieved in silence, called his name :  
" My dearest Leo, who us part ? "

Misfortunes come, not like the tramp,  
Wan, sad and singly, alone,  
But press in squads and with us camp,  
Until all hope's forever gone.

Her babe, unnurtured, life went out,  
As does a fitful fire spark,  
As does a glow worm creep about,  
Then close its wings, and all is dark.

Suns came and went, she saw them not,  
Days passed like beads upon a string,  
While listless by her little cot,  
She watched the midnight's sable wing.

Then came another trial, fast—  
The last she did endure but one:

The words "evicted" chilling blast,  
Fell on her ears at Hazleton.

Her store of rags upon the street,  
With ghoulish glee and curse were cast;  
With hands about her breast she beat—  
In tears she said, "This is the last."

That night she kneeled beside the grave,  
Her child's and husband's—one with two,  
And made a vow to help the brave,  
This hellish work of fiends undo.

"Is this the work of men?" she said,  
"Is this a land where Christians dwell?"  
"That sanctions this—these miners dead,  
This tyranny that's worse than hell?"

"This ghoulish wealth—the miner's blood,  
That warm is shed upon the earth,  
Ascends like incense to their God,  
And gives the tramp an anarch birth.

"For every creature now that lives,  
There's full enough without this strife,  
For God to every creature gives,  
The right of substance for his life.

"If greed shall take the toiler's bread,  
Through forms of ill begotten law,  
If greed has filled these graves with dead,  
Soon Justice will the dagger draw.

"Old Shylock's millions running high,  
While millions hunger for a crust—  
While millions pine away and die,  
And mingle with their mother dust.

“ Shall belch his lucre out again,  
While woe and want, in frenzied ire,  
Shall drench in blood the street and plain  
And lash the rich with whips of fire.

“ I will not rest, God help me on,  
To do, and as a woman dare,  
The kings of earth to help dethrone,  
And help the millions in despair.

“ God blast the Judge, his Judge made law—  
God blast the fiend that has no heart,  
Who in his meshes, thousands draw,  
To rob at will and leave no part.

“ It is enough—the die is cast !  
It is enough—it is the last !  
The shackles shall from labor fall !  
Or Revolution ruin all ! ”



## May de Veres.

Full fifty years have passed since then,  
And little boys have grown to men,  
And men have grown to hoary age,  
And passed like shadows from the stage,  
From all their work and active life,  
Of sorrows full and much of strife.

The little maids have reached their bloom,  
Have reached beyond and to the tomb,  
Have many fair and noble gone,  
As dreams of early youth have flown—  
Since May de Veres left my side,  
With angel fairies for a guide.

Like tides that flood the dreary beach,  
With sobs and sighs but never speech,  
Has been the ebb and bitter flow,  
Of heart and soul and earthly woe.  
For her I lost for heaven's gain—  
For her I loved—but not in vain.

A fever came, as does a thief—  
Its stay was harsh but very brief,  
It robbed the world of fairest gem,  
It robbed poor hearts, and left to them  
Who mourned the lovely treasure lost—  
But faded leaves as of a frost.

Her dolly age had hardly fled,  
Nor hardly had it found its bed,

In all its finest clothing dressed,  
Sweet kissed and in her arm caressed  
And laid away to garret rest—  
Ere I had been supremely blessed.

Blessed in her love when but a child,  
Blessed in her love with rapture wild—  
And ere the warmth of sunny years  
Had known of want or worldly cares,  
I had no other thought than hers,  
And with our play oft mingled tears.

Her father stern, forbid the coo,  
Her mother's love was ever true—  
And when she knew her little maid  
Was skittish—in degree afraid,  
As oft she did essay to be—  
She plead that I would with her gee.

Her home was in a little glen,  
Just where the vale sloped into hill,  
Just on the merge of mountain fen,  
Just by the run of rippling rill,  
Where alders glistened in the light,  
And hawthornes blossomed fair to sight.

The sweetest hearts lived in that cot,  
Fair flowers grew about the door,  
Fair walks about the garden run,  
Fair vines the porchway spreading o'er,  
As if to cheer the lovely one,  
And seemed to say, "Forget-me-not."

It seems a phantom of the mind,  
So many days have flown since then,  
So many years of sorrow passed,

Since plucked we flowers in the glen,  
And loved each other to the last,  
While left we care and work behind.

Oh! can it be that it is so?  
It seems a dream so far away—  
It seems a dream of saddest years—  
It seems a dream without decay,  
Because embalmed in bitter tears—  
Because I can no further go.

Though wanes my saddened lamp of life,  
'Twas not in vain she went away,  
'Twas not in vain she loved and died,  
'Twas not in vain my lovely May  
Did not become my earthly bride—  
Did not become my wedded wife.

Oh God! how sad is thy decree!  
Her parents grieved beyond control;  
They drooped when Autumn's flowers fell,  
As more and more they turned to soul,  
And went to her in peace to dwell.  
And one large grave contains them all,  
And I alone am left with thee!

I feel as one upon a shore,  
More gloomy than the darkest night.  
With grief-stained face I wander o'er  
The sands of time without a light,  
Save that we have to mortals given—  
Fond hope of better things in Heaven!

The cottage where my heart is left,  
In glen below the crowning cleft,  
Has fallen into sad decay,

And not a flower left to blow,  
And not a path or sunny way  
To mark where all the beauty grew.

My soul does brood upon this scene,  
My mind with all its memories green,  
Comes here for rest, comes here for thought,  
Comes here for grief that has no word,  
Comes here for anguish deeply wrought,  
For voice of her that's never heard.

But then she lived not all in vain !  
The soul of man is not so true  
To things of earth, as those above ;  
For while we linger here in pain,  
We try of ill to much undo,  
For worthiness of those we love.

I live as one who lives the past,  
I live as one who's had his day,  
As lives a tree that's felt the blast,  
And in its heart does feel decay,  
And longs alike for earthly rest  
With soul to soul among the blessed.

There is no death where she has flown,  
There is no sin where she has gone,  
But purer far than roses bloom.  
I'll claim her always for my own,  
And live as one who lives to gain  
A crown of peace—with her to reign.

## Soul Harmony.

I love the streams that sing along,  
The mountain's shadowed glen ;  
I love the forest—not the throng  
Of anxious, weary men.

Life's fondest dreams are found alone  
Among the woodland hills,  
Or where the warblers crown the zone,  
With melody that thrills.

The sadness of the world is wrought—  
Engendered by the race—  
Of those who in their hearts have fought  
The talisman of peace.

The Ignis fatuus of the hope,  
That wealth will give us bliss,  
Is but a strand of rotten rope—  
The devil's hit or miss.

The glory of the world is not,  
The gaudy dress and rod;  
Nor by the glittering gold begot,  
And worshipped as a god.

How vain are all these empty shows  
Of tinsel-burthened prize,  
Where Mammon into greatness grows,  
While love and friendship dies.

The steepled church is not the place,  
Where God will hear the call  
Of those who seek to see his face,  
With love and hope for all.

If purity of life we seek  
Religion of the heart,  
Kind words of love to others speak,  
And bid the wrong depart.

Go counsel God deep in the wood,  
And list the whispering trees ;  
The warbling birds in cadence flood  
The wings of every breeze.

Put down your breast upon the ground,  
Your heart upon the sod ;  
And throb to throb your soul is found,  
In unity with God.

Sweet peace and love will come to thee,  
Like incense through the air  
Falls on the triune, one in three,  
And three in one are there.

## Time.

How unconcerned and willful do  
We squander Time! Always present, yet  
Forever moving! Half unheeded in  
Our hurry for continual change,  
With hope for better days. His footprints fall  
Relentlessly upon each living thing,  
The impress there remaining ever more,  
Regardless of all wish of puny man.  
His course is never stayed! No bugle call,  
No moving legions on the field of blood;  
The raging storms, the rolling floods or crush  
Of worlds, are powerless to stay an ebb  
Of that relentless tide that moves at his  
Commanding, down among the shadows of  
The dead, where silence is forever dumb.

His rounding out the dimpled cheeks of youth,  
And giving to the lover all his dreams of bliss,  
And every hope we have does hang upon  
His evanescent wing, like lily bloom—  
Or silver lining to a passing cloud.  
How many gaudy castles, formed along  
His pathway, in the morning of our lives,  
Have tumbled into dust and bitterness  
Of heart—is all remaining of the thought!  
How strange the bittersweet—the bliss and gall,  
That crowd each other on the run of Time  
Like black and purple beads upon a string,  
That round and round with him forever go!

How sad the thought that with a beaming smile  
Of promise on his lips, that beckons us  
To follow in his labyrinths, for weal  
Or woe—we go in faith, and trustingly !

Yet while we go, we know that every step  
We tread, there's echoes from the dead—that all  
Who follow him must grieve for ruined hopes  
And disappointments—dim with flowing tears.  
But then, Old Fate has so decreed it, for  
He holds a hand above us with a rod  
Of iron to compel obedience.  
The only consolation left us is—  
That precious hours passing are our own,  
In which to fit all for eternity.  
We should improve these moments as they fly,  
For all the wisdom of a world of men  
Can never tell by learning or in art,  
The record of a single day unborn.



## Evil Omens.

In bitterness of soul there comes,  
Like storms that brew upon the mighty main,  
Where winds prevail amid cold sleet and rain,  
And on the shores runs high the heaving tide—  
While clothed in darkness, demons onward ride  
With grinning front above the raging flood,  
And dismal voice that echoes up to God:  
A cataclasm in affairs of men  
Approaches, such as there has seldom been.

Like noble form of some great goddess born,  
The Nation sleeps, all sere, with mantle torn;  
Her feet unshod, her lovely shoulders bare,  
And in her eyes, great tears are gathered there,  
Because, though slumber dims the mortal sight,  
Within her soul there shines a conscious light  
That ill betides of coming troubles deep,  
While weeping thus, in pain, she tries to sleep.

This silent grief that from her lips escape,  
Has caused her people to believe a rape  
Has been committed on the form they love,  
And now are anxious for a chance to prove  
Where is the vandal who has done the deed?  
Where is the wrong that makes the nation bleed?  
Where is the hand that laid the goddess low  
And struck the garland from her placid brow?

The murmur first, was like the sighing sea,  
Or like a soul that struggles to be free,  
That grows by sobs into a mighty wail,  
As howls the wind about a shivered sail,  
Until the Nation seems as if despair,  
Would come to men and women everywhere,  
As face to face they turn, as if to know  
What hand is this that would the State undo?

As scudding clouds foretell the coming gale ;  
As frozen snow and rain, the rattling hail—  
The flood kept back so long, of burning tears—  
The crop of anguish grown for many years ;  
The famished infant in its mother's arms  
Should bring the Nation fear and great alarm,  
That will not down while millions short of food  
Lift up their voice in prayer to God.

The scales are falling from the people's eyes,  
The mists of doubt from minds obscure arise;  
And now, as comes increasing light, they see  
That courts of justice (?) grow the Upas tree ;  
That trusts behind them stand with hellish glare,  
And bid them serve the people, if they dare !  
And as these Judges know old Shylock's stealth,  
They chose to serve these men of sordid wealth.

The public press contends that all is right,  
That all the trouble is, bold cranks affright  
“ Old Confidence,” and seek to keep away  
The re-appearance of a brighter day.  
And every ghoul and every beast of prey,  
Who robs and kills, re-echoes, “ better day,”  
And try with skill to ebb the rising flood,  
While all their aids declare, “ There is no God.”

There is no God but gold and lust and greed ;  
And thus distressed, the Nation's gone to seed,  
Amid the wreck and glory of her past—  
Amid confusion that will ever last—  
Until the people, hand to hand, contend  
Against the monsters, who their forces lend  
To thwart all justice ; robbers give their aid  
And laugh to scorn a Nation thus betrayed.

All hope and truth have not forever gone ;  
All honor has not from the Nation flown ;  
Pale through the gloom that now obscures the light,  
Like sunbeams breaking through the darkest night—  
I see a gleam of hope, as tops the whispering pine,  
When morning comes apace with light divine,  
And with it comes the echo through the land—  
“ Hail Brother, friend, come join us heart and hand ! ”

As drops of water, mingled, make the flood ;  
As mites of dust, the universe of God,  
So little hands and hearts united hold  
A wealth more precious far than gods of gold.  
A Nation's trust is in their mighty arms,  
To bear her flag on high, when social storms  
Arise from wrongs imposed upon the race,  
By those who rule and grind the people's face.

Strong hands and hearts in union, joined with truth.  
Can give the Nation sere, immortal youth ;  
Can save the Ship of State that drifts ashore,  
Amid the rocks and reefs and billows' roar.  
Where wrecks of all the ages heaping, hoard  
With loss of all the clans that went on board  
So let each one assist to tack the sail  
And hold with might the guiding tiller wheel.

Courage friends! the right will yet prevail,  
And millions yet unborn, with joy will hail,  
High on the ramparts, far above the flood  
Of human wrath and all the hellish brood  
Of ghouls who rob and on their victims gloat—  
The banner of the free, with wave and float,  
All stars undimmed and every stripe unfurled  
That dares a danger and defies the world.

## Lillian.

I knew her in her early years,  
Before her budding bloom,  
I knew her ere her childish cares  
Had given the woman room.

Her face was like an open book,  
Her heart was in her hand,  
With grace of heaven in her look,  
No angel could command.

She lived as does a fairy queen,  
Within some sylvan shade,  
To love her was but to be seen,  
This blushing, little maid.

Her home was fair and bowered o'er,  
Beside the singing sea,  
Where shells upon the shining shore.  
Have much of love for me.

Not that I love the yellow sand,  
Not that I love the shell,  
But that they oft were in her hand,  
Or where her footsteps fell.

The ocean tides that sung and played,  
Along the gleaming shore,  
Revered her tracks wherever made,  
And never washed them o'er.

And on the hill and in the vale,  
Wherever she has tread,  
The charm is such they never fail,  
To grow a flower bed.

Her step is like the forest fawn,  
That nimbles through the wood,  
Or like the lambs upon the lawn,  
In search of flower food.

When day has settled with the sun,  
And stars come out to shine,  
And take their places, one by one,  
With faces all divine.

Fair Lillian takes her seat above,  
On deck of gabled hall,  
And sings with all the strength of love,  
With voice of sweetest call.

While in her eyes there shines a light,  
From depths of azure blue,  
That dims the stars that twinkle bright,  
And moon and all the crew  
Of worlds that brim with fairy glow  
To light the darkened world below.

## The Old Man's Lament.

Dear Brother, Comrade, can you see  
Beyond the gloom that now obscures  
The life of poor men, bound and free,  
And every one who wrong endures,  
From those who rule and those who sway  
God's people in their blinded trust,  
Who toil and grieve from day to day,  
And live upon a scanty crust?

Mine eyes grow dim with heavy years  
Of ceaseless effort to remove  
The blighted life and burning tears,  
Of her I vowed to ever love;  
Of those intrusted to our care,  
By Him who doeth all things well;  
By Him whose constant cross I bear,  
And of his sweetness love to tell.

Four children given, have we yet,  
Were raised in faith and humble truth  
So deep instilled will not forget,  
The lessons learned in early youth;  
Will not forget their love of home;  
Will not forget—go where they will,  
The little house beneath the hill;  
And yearly now to it they come.

Sad days are these that come to me,  
That pass like shadows, when the night  
Is on the valley and the sea ;  
And yet the mountain tops are bright  
With glintage of the setting sun  
Of life's fond hopes, and still they run  
Above the amber-tinted trees ;  
Beyond the circle of the seas.



## Music.

Hast thou heard the murmuring music in  
The sunbeam's whisper from the stellar world?  
Or listened on some charming evening to  
The silver-luted moon, that breathing, sings  
Among the garden shrubs and mountain pines?  
For he who hath a soul that does commune  
With God in nature, holds the key that can  
Unlock a world of beauty to his gaze—  
And hear the sound of sweetest harmony  
That falls like incense from the shining spheres,  
Which move like gems forever round and round  
Their common centers, lights outhanging, as  
Fair beacons for fraternal guidance.  
All the world is but a symphony—  
If we could only still our souls to hear  
The harp of nature, sounding all about.  
But when thou seekest it remember this:  
That pearls and gems will never fatten swine;  
That music's jewel is the tuneful ear,  
With heart and mind in purest sympathy  
Refined to essence of divinity.

## The Watchman.

Hail ! watchman, on the citadel !

Hail ! guardsman, at your post !

O, can you see that all is well ?

Or is the nation lost ?

Who guards the battlements around

The country's honor, fame ?

Where can the true and tried be found,

Who love their nation's name ?

Brave, on a thousand fields of gore,

The life blood of the best

Ran down and mingled with the shore

That skirts the soldier's rest.

Great spirits of the noble dead ;

Great sire and noble son :

Are not the skies with omens red,

As when your work begun ?

The flag you carried in the fight—

The stripes that sheened the sun—

The stars that twinkled in the night—

Where has their glory gone ?

Go, ask the toiler in the mine,

The farmer in the field ;

The sturdy merchant, in decline,

If they can see the shield ?

Go to the mothers, wan and pale,

Their children scantily fed ;

Go out upon the highway, hail  
The tramps who beg for bread,—  
Then tell me why this sore distress,  
From causes, what, arise?  
Who has the people thus oppressed,  
And why the nation dies.

The bending heavens from above,  
Proclaim God's care of all—  
Proclaim equality and love—  
Then why the nation's fall?

O, brother, can you not discern  
The writing on the wall?  
O, will you not in duty turn  
To heed your country's call?

Secure you feel upon the wave  
When plenty rules the land;  
But helped to dig the nation's grave  
As heedless as you ran!

The coils about your limbs were thrown,  
When soothed by Mammon's creed;  
You served their party as your own,  
And helped the monster's greed.

His plan has been for thirty years  
The people to divide—  
Excite each to each other's fears,  
And into power ride.

This done so long, there's little left,  
Of rights these traitors heed.  
There's little left—we are bereft  
Of liberty indeed.

The banner of our fathers floats  
High on the rampart wall;  
The jeering traitor at it gloats  
And wish to see it fall.

There is one hope—there's only one,  
On land or on the sea—  
One only hope beneath the sun,  
To save sweet liberty!

It is a union at the poll  
Of men who dare the right,  
Where brother, father, soul to soul,  
Will vote in *truth* or fight!

Who dare to break the tyrant's chain,  
His bond and golden rod,  
Though millions in the fight are slain  
For country and for God!

## Shakespeare.

Pillared halls in grandeur may rise,  
And columns fair, ascending to the skies,  
Or pyramids of wide extending base,  
But monuments of some forgotten race  
In ages past, perhaps were built by kings  
For tombs, or grandeur which their presence brings  
To living men, of what the past has been  
In art and science since the world began ?  
The crowning hills, the mountains, awe bespeaks  
Where snows eternal, clothe their lofty peaks  
At best, but dust, these haughty emblems are.  
Their life seems as a day, when we compare  
Their ages to the ages of that wonder one,  
Who lived and died, half-known upon Avon.  
Time's withering hand will crumble these to dust,  
As all things else of earth time surely must  
Bring down their lofty domes to sad decay,  
But mind, of one who has immortal youth—  
Who spake and wrote for all, immortal truth,  
Can never from the Muses pass away.  
Thus move great souls forever in advance  
Of all things else, around their centerstance,  
As moves Aurora round a shining star,—  
So Shakespeare's works and glory will remain  
When hill tops crumble to the level plain,  
And lyric wonders gathering from afar,  
Will sing as those who have no gloomy days,  
Upon the harp and zither in his praise,

So long as mind to mind with soul adheres,  
And moves in silence on the fleeting years ;  
So long as turns in space the golden sun,  
Or chattering rills to brimming rivers run.

## Shall we live again?

O HORATIO,  
I have been troubled with a thought  
So weird and full of mental doubt,  
That in its grasp my soul is shriveled up,  
And all my frosting locks are set on end.

Like a lone sailor  
Sounding the depths of an unknown sea,  
With lead and line too light and short  
To reach the solid bottom,  
I have in vain endeavored  
To probe the depths of eternity.  
Hope has hung her shining mantle  
On the crumbling brink of death,  
And beckons me to speak the truth,  
Wrapped in doubt and mystery beyond.  
At times I seem a wonder to myself,  
And with anxious heart I feel around  
For evidence of what I am,  
Like one groping in the dark.

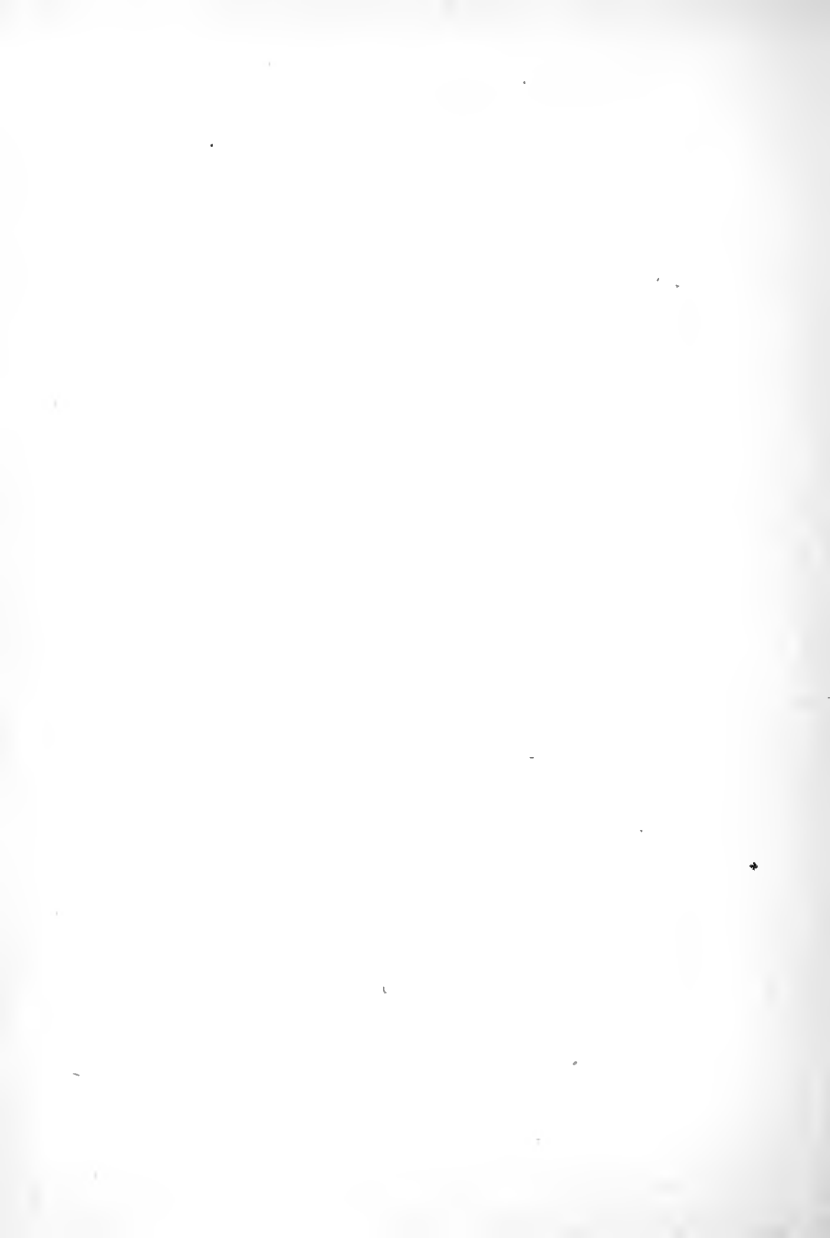
The Christian's hope is based upon belief,  
Confirmed to him by change of heart ;  
While Swedenborg's disciples tell  
That, through the visions of the mind,  
They have beheld the conscious forms  
Of loved ones counted lost,  
And with them held communion,  
Word for word and face to face.





Sighs and pines for something  
Beyond the reach of mortal life.  
The contemplative sage in solicitude,  
And the burley, tatooed bushman  
Running naked through the world,  
Draw their highest inspiration  
From the same fond, joyous source—  
The innate hope of a hereafter.

How can it be thus, Horatio,  
If there was not a purpose, a design,  
In the make-up of creation?  
If God has so ordained it, that the  
Hopes and longings for a higher life  
Are part and parcel of our being,  
And has not made its counterpart—  
A rest, a respite, beyond ourselves—  
Then the crowning glory of His work  
Is but a life-consuming fire,  
Wherein the divinity within us  
Is turned to dust and ashes.



# A Drama

IN THREE ACTS

ENTITLED

## Grover the first

WRITTEN IN 1894; REVISED

## Cast.

GROVER CLEVELAND, *White House Parlor.*

MRS. CLEVELAND.

JOHN SHERMAN.

C. P. HUNTINGTON.

ATTORNEY GENERAL OLNEY.

A. R. U. DEBS.

JERRY SIMPSON.

SENATOR DAN VOORHEES.

SENATOR HILL.

SECRETARY OF WAR LAMONT.

POPULIST MOB, ETC.

# Grover the first.

## ACT I.

*Enter CLEV.*

And this is what the world calls greatness!  
The circling earth to its uttermost  
Doth surely herald our supremacy.  
Men once counted quite my equals in  
Affairs of state have grown so small in this  
Commanding presence, that I do appear  
Like Gulliver surrounded by his pigmies.  
“A little brief authority,” as Shakespeare  
Hath it, does not apply to me, for men  
Were then much nearer equals, and the few  
Who ruled did sport in skins, and eat their game  
In hand, with twisted legs upon the ground.  
That age of foolish kings who lived as swine  
Has passed away like slickings from a flume,  
And left the shining gold behind.  
With this bright oar we lash and goad the men,  
Who dig all wealth from out the solid earth,  
To racks of want, with cords of usury.

Justice cries against us for laying on  
This heavy load; but Justice hath no hold  
On men who thong and bind their fellows down.  
It is an essence of unmeasured weight,  
That's seldom felt by him who deals it out;  
And then, in this great Babel of confusing  
Tongues, where each reformer knifes his brother's  
Hobby to the heart, and strides some blunderbus

That shoots both ways, oft killing more of friends  
Than foes; coupled with the servile press,  
That freely feeds upon the spawn and spoor  
Exuding from the loins of grasping wealth,  
Until its ghoulish growth obtrudes upon  
Disgust, and at command doth bay the moon,  
Or howl oblivion down upon the dolt  
Who dares obstruct the robber on his raids  
Against the substance of the many,  
That favored few may pile up greater wealth,  
Do give us full control and pow'r supreme  
O'er men and measures meted out to them.

Other souls, besides myself, have lived  
With some pretense and show of greatness—  
Such as Caesar and Napoleon;

But for a man all rounded out with great  
Proportions, I have never had an equal!  
And so crowned heads of sleepy Europe  
And islands of the sea do court my favor,  
Counsel seek; and should the king of kings,  
Great Rothschild, so ordain it, I could spit  
In all their faces with impunity.

But why stop I to thus soliloquize  
While Fortune's flood-tide sweeps me onward?  
Ere two more years of rule have passed away  
The bubbling hell-broth I am stirring in  
The pottage mess of want and woe and hate  
Will fill the gaping maw of Anarchy  
And start the froth of revolution.  
Then the time is come to set a heel  
Of iron on the heart of discontent,  
And wipe the earth with all my enemies!  
Between the two extremes in every move  
There is a *midway halt*—beyond that point

We've passed, and now tend downward as the car  
Of state goes grinding 'round the curves of time;  
And every milestone pass'd too plainly shows  
Increasing speed! Where shall we put on brakes?  
A single swing along this doubtful road  
May bring disaster to my glowing hopes.

But why grow nervous at the timid thought  
Of failure when with mind prodigious,  
Steady hand, and nerves of hammered steel?  
With all the wealth and cunning of the world  
To back me in this greedy enterprise,  
There's little chance of failure in design.  
The army is my greatest shield in this  
Emergency. Its drill-beat now is heard  
In every State, and lengthening lines of foot  
And horse are on their way to Washington;  
So all things do portend the coming man  
Of crowning rank, and greatest destiny.  
But when events herein portrayed  
Shall make Ambition weep for other worlds  
To conquer, what *title* shall I then assume?  
"President" was well enough for those  
Who have preceded me. Plebeians  
Were they, and plebeians they ruled,  
Advancement calls for men of higher mould  
Than this scrub stock, and higher names as well.  
Cromwell struck the middle ground of "Lord  
Protector." Similitude there is between us;  
But years by hundreds have so changed  
The statis of the races ruled in Gaul  
And England then, by petty lords and kings,  
That I can hardly pattern after them.

So nothing short of Czar, Sultan or Shah,  
Or Emperor, will well comport with all

My parts outlined upon the role of fame.  
Which one of these shall I select? But hold!  
I do believe "Grover the First" would be  
A better name. Eureka! That will do!  
So let it be on land and sea proclaimed,  
By right divine this name transmitted down  
The line of my prodigious progeny!

But, then! But, then! Hardly can I hope  
To live *always*; and yet I have no son  
To follow me. Two girls I have, 'tis true,  
But she kings shallow up to nonsense, when  
All dressed for show, in frills and furbelows.  
In this affair the state demands full heads,  
Foundation thoughts, and sound discretion.  
What shall I do? And whither go for help  
In this supreme emergency?

By zounds! there is one scheme, and only one,  
To cheat the fates of their ordaining.  
Napoleon's course with that Beauharnais gal  
Does open up the way, and would allow to me  
Another wife, perhaps of royal blood,  
To bear male issue as successor to  
Myself and ruler over all this people.  
But, then, there is a side to this bold move  
That does unnerve me at the outset.  
If I could cram the sneering world into  
One neck, of hate, upon a chopping block,  
And stop its wagging tongue at one fell stroke,  
Green-eyed envy would no longer belch  
Its gall upon me, like an ugly adder  
Spitting out its venom from the grass  
On every unsuspecting passer-by.

And as a vent for all my pent-up rage,  
In sorrow, more than anger, I will say,



If God from out this swinging world of dirt  
Did make His true and living image here,  
And place within a soul immortal,  
Designed to keep man's carcass saint-like  
In all this selfish sea of troubled life,  
His work has been a dismal failure, sure,  
And that bright place of rest prepar'd by Him  
For those who live uprightly here below  
Will surely be supremely lonesome.  
And so, in all this clang of rasping tongues,  
I can no further go than to adopt  
A son and heir, perhaps of noble blood,  
And on this line, I'll speak to Frances mine.

*Exit CLEV.*

*Sliding doors receding.* MRS. CLEVELAND AND CHILDREN.

*Enter CLEV.*

CLEV. The baby sleeps, I see, my loving wife—  
Its mother's pet and surely greatest joy.  
I only wish it was a strapping boy,  
To take my place and don my royal robes  
When I am weary of or through with them.

FRAN. What meanest thou, my lord and master?

CLEV. I mean some day that I most likely shall  
Be titled king or emperor over all  
This great and growing people, swaying them  
As Cæsar did the ancient Romans.

FRAN. Indeed!

CLEV. Yes; and then you know great Cæsar died  
Without the shadow of an issue,  
And only for a sickly nephew chance

Did bring him forward at the proper time  
The race of kings had ended with his death.  
I cannot take my chances thus, you see;  
In truth, must have male issue born to me,  
And if this cannot be, must then adopt  
A son—some one, perhaps, of noble blood—  
To rule this people with an iron rod  
When I am through with life and swaying them.

FRAN. You a king! And I step-mother to  
Some other woman's love and favored son!  
In heaven's holy name, what foul conceit  
Possesses that surprising head of yours?  
No! no! my Grover, not so fast; your mind's  
Upset by its supreme importance, so  
I'll get a rag and bathe your fever'd brow  
With water from the fiery Congress well,  
To which, for quenching thirst, proud Carlisle leads  
On all great days of state occasion.

CLEV. Why jeer and taunt me thus, and set at naught  
My will? Remember your degree of caste!  
You were half-orphaned and unknown, in fact,  
When I did stoop to call you wife, and deem  
You with a title high above the thought  
And hope of all your plebeian kin.

FRAN. If unknown when you did seek my hand,  
I had a name as pure as drifting snow.  
Hadst thou as much, my noble master?  
A woman's love, unsullied by a stain  
Or blemish, weighs in worth, when balanced by  
A candid mind, much more than doughty  
Titles won by men who slight all virtue,  
Not appeasing lust or selfish ends.

CLEV. What! Thus speak to one of my account?  
At whose behest the common herd doth sway  
And bend, like willow boughs before a strong  
North wind! Ye Gods, protect us from the din  
Crowned tirade of a woman scorned!

FRAN. Why, man, what folly does possess you?  
Surely you are rattled with your brief  
Authority! and like a beggar, horseback'd,  
By some sudden freak of fickle fortune  
Seized; with whip and spur, through blooming fields,  
And pleasant vales, where singing streams enchant.  
And great armed trees stretch out their silvan shade,  
With here and there a shimmering sun-bar  
Passing through the breaks, and falling on  
The emerald earth beneath, like jewel'd wealth,  
Of all the world combin'd,—he breathless goes;  
With blinded sight and sense unconscious of  
A single thought, but that he rides!  
So lay aside the gads and trappings of  
Disordered will; smooth down to decent  
Manhood all these rough-hewn thoughts of yours,  
And be consistent, and yourself again.  
If gaunt ambition had no hold on man—  
Beyond conceptions of fair duty to  
His fellow man—and all his limping ways  
Were justified by conscience of his own,  
Lax and laggard though it surely is,—  
How chang'd would be the world in which we live!  
Conceit would simmer down to hated dross;  
Selfish lives grow dim with years of shame;  
Great wealth devoted to the common good;  
Honor stand as shining guideposts 'long  
The path of virtue; chivalrous monsters

Cease protecting woman from insults  
On every hand—not by themselves imposed—  
While peace and plenty everywhere prevailed.

CLEY. Hold your rattling tongue, or surely will  
I smash the hand of fate, that binds me as  
A menial thus to take this tirade!

*Enter SHERMAN.*

SHER. I beg indulgence for intruding thus.  
[*Aside*—A family row, as I do live!]  
With your good pleasure, Mr. President,  
I simply call'd to see you on that new  
Bond issue, spoken of the other day.  
You know Carlisle is on the ragged edge  
About the doughhead bill of wild-eyed Bland,  
Proposing coinage of the seigniorage  
Of that white metal which has kept me on  
The rack of censure since the dollar of  
Our daddies died in seventy-three.  
And so he's blowing hot and blowing cold,  
Between a silver curse and gold adore,  
With Shylock threatening for a scare;  
And Jerry Simpson everywhere  
Is railing for the people's cause,  
For silver free and fiat laws,  
To make cheap money for the millions.

And then your secretary, gushing, throws  
His ballast overboard, and goes and sits  
In Gotham at the bankers' elite feast,  
And wined and dined so lavishly  
That ere the groaning table's cleared  
He was quite full up to the beard.  
And then came learned financeer, thick and fast,

From out his gaping jaws, of voiding laws  
And obsolete, for bases of new bonds.  
And then he said in ringing rhapsodies,  
This Government is very great and can  
Do many things, "but cannot make its money."  
And now this loosened speech is working on  
The public mind like brewers' yeast in tubs  
And vats before the beer is made.

CLEV. Blast your bloody bones, John Sherman, for  
This robber raid upon our privacy!  
You're none too good to jeer about it on  
The gaping streets and walks of Washington.

SHER. In the name of Neptune, Grover, what doth  
Ail you? Surely something has upset  
Your stern and ragged-edge diplomacy,  
And left the wits within your lath'ring head  
To swim around with gloomy chaos!

CLEV. Well, since you have presum'd intrusion on  
My inner life, and kicked discretion to  
The winds, I'll break the matter to you, thus:  
You see, my wife is mad, and from Pandora's  
Viper box hath pour'd her wrath upon me.

SHER. What outrage upon a noble woman  
Could induce her silver tongue to lash  
You with the scorn that's always uppermost  
In every female heart, when deeply wrong'd?

CLEV. Well, you see, I have a scheme, born of  
Ambition—reckless, you may call it, though,  
But in conception, brighter than the moon.

SHER. Well?

CLEV. Well, you know, the ranting curs that yelp  
Along our track like howling wolves upon  
The pathway of a frightened flock of sheep—

SHER. Well?

CLEV. Well, in truth, I have contrived a plan  
To down our enemies and all at once,  
By punching these ferments to boiling heat  
In blazing cauldrons of the common mind,  
Until extremes shall meet in dire collision.  
And then we'll bring to bear the heavy arm  
Of force full drilled and so disciplined to  
Our liking, down upon this herd of ingrates,  
Who jeer at our endeavors for their good.  
We'll do this under pretext for the care  
Of state, with law and order for our shield.  
All things will then stand still and tiptoed,  
Waiting for the man of destiny;  
And so, you see, there'll be no other one  
But me to take the role of dictator,  
*A la* Napoleon or a Cromwell.

SHER. Wonderful conception, I must admit,  
Friend Cleveland. Nevertheless, there forces  
On me an impression that the nearer  
You reach the end in view, the nearer  
Will you reach the hangman's halter.

CLEV. Hold fast your adder tongue, John Sherman, hold!  
I can but feel the sharp rebuke that viper  
Circles all your words, like stinging nettles  
Bound about a rasping sore. You do  
Forget that I but follow counsel of  
Your own in this great game of nervy chance.  
However much I do abhor thy presence,

Be assured that I will keep my pledge  
To give you second place in this affair.  
What riled the woman when you entered was  
My kind proposal to adopt a son,  
Perhaps of royal blood, successor of  
Myself to rule this turbid people.

SHER. (*aside*) (Pray, good Devil, take me ere this howling  
Fraud brings rack and ruin on us all!)  
If ever I did hint a thing like that,  
And promise league with you in this intrigue,  
I now and here renounce my claim upon  
Your favor. Sackcloth wrap about my loins,  
And hot gall pour upon my foolish tongue,  
For ever utt'ring such absurdity—  
And ask contrite forgiveness of the Lord  
For stooping thus to counsel with you—  
But of advice, should I presume to give  
It further, will just say, the world would be  
The better off, and womanhood in purer  
Moods promoted, should you in haste withdraw  
From her whose heart, for years has been upon  
The sacrificial altar, like a dove  
Sharp pinioned over scorching embers.  
Then, if ambitious of a greater name  
And progeny of sire so big and grand,  
Male born and greatly like your strutting self,  
Lilioukalani surely would you better suit.  
“Paramount” Blount did open up the way  
And Willis hath the last obstructions mov'd  
To your royal wedding with that dusky,  
Dumpy, doubtful sea-girt maiden.

CLEV. Say, John Sherman, I will have no more  
Of your corroding, clownish impudence.

Pray, who are you, from whom I gasping take  
These saber cutting wounds, and whiplash stings  
That drive me back upon my inner self,  
For some defense that shall disarm you of  
The spits and gads on which you roast me.  
Of all the men divinely built of dirt,  
And spawned upon the human race, you have  
No equal, in the line, of aping honest work  
In all affairs of state, where you can lend  
The Devil service, underhand and  
Secure, at Shylock rates of usury.

You've been a rasping clog in every wheel  
Of progress started for the public good.  
With all the cunning of a wily fox  
Untreed for trespass on a chicken roost,  
You struck the dollar from the coinage act  
While in your hands, and then declared  
Upon your honor as a man, no change  
Material, had been made therein.  
And years had pass'd before your cunning work  
Was noised about and fully understood.  
How much your share of all that English gold  
Brought hence by Ernest Syed to help this deed  
Of infamy, I cannot surely say.  
By intrigue, worse than downright robbery,  
Your Wall street bank is made a shining dump  
For many millions of the people's gold,  
On which for thirty years they've paid per cent  
Bought up with bonds now interest bearing;  
And so for all this time you've bled the Nation  
Of its wealth, struck down the hand of toil,  
That you might richer grow on bond per cent,  
Per cent of notes thereon unfairly issued.

And while you get per cent on all those bonds



And all these notes, you hold the shining gold,  
So purchased by these bonds, and loan it out  
For your own 'profit, thus receiving  
Triple rates of usury from the people  
On one surprising single coin investment, not  
Invested in the notes and bonds you hold;  
Trading on your vote, affecting trusts  
Has been, no doubt, a common thing with you.  
And when Old Shylock wish'd a pliant tool  
To make a law, or change some clause therein,  
That would insure some other robbery  
Under forms of legal villainy,  
John Sherman was the man thought safest to  
Employ, and thus your millions have been piled  
Regardless of your sacred trust.

SHER. Hold just there, your Excellency!  
'Tis bad for glass-house dwellers to be  
Throwing stones; you speak of money made  
By me precariously. May I  
Enquire how many sheckels found  
Their way into your own capacious maw?  
Then you speak of my rough raid on silver!  
Before you struck the White House stool nine years  
Ago, your letters railed against an Act  
By Bland, for monthly silver coinage of  
Two millions, and when the chair of state  
Was widened out to fit a carcass—  
Ample in its hips and breadth of beam—  
You wrote in Message every year against  
Said Silver Act, and when your platitudes  
Were smash'd to atoms by your good friend Beck,  
Returned you to the sick'ning tilt again,  
As does a sow to wallow in a hole.

How much for that you did receive I can  
Not say, nor for the bills you father'd,  
But this we know, that when your blind horse  
Riding ended, forc'd by Tippecanoe  
Born blood, you strode into your Gotham den,  
Hypothecated and retained  
By near a hundred gold-bug firms and trusts  
And hook-nosed English syndicates.  
Taking all these things together, there's  
Small wonder that you were returned four years  
Later, through uncommon use of gold—  
And gab and mugwump paper plaudits;  
Scarce seated were you when the hell-broth of  
Disaster bubbled up on every hand  
From full a thousand hidden springs of greed.

With your concurrence Wall street started out  
Her sleuth-hounds on the track of every one  
Who dar'd to cross their scenting trailways,  
Demanding payments for their credits when  
No money could be found. In every city,  
Large and small, they urged their cohorts for  
More cash, who in their turn did pounce upon  
The merchant, tradesman and the farmer,  
And every one did run amuck in search  
Of yellow eagles, call'd to go to Gotham.  
Trade stood still, appall'd. Ten thousand looms  
Refus'd to move; the arts did lean upon  
Decay, and ruin rested on the threshold  
Of a million homes. Strong men were bound,  
By cunning greed, to racks of penury;  
Children crying, famished on the streets;  
And noble women, nurtured in the lap  
Of virtue, fed upon their own depravity.  
The deed was done; and, chuckling in the face

Of want, you called your extra session, but  
Design'd to strangle silver and its aids,  
As does a midnight robber strangle  
Peaceful sleepers in his ghoulish work.

If I have freely fed on fat things from  
The public funds and moulded millions out  
Of naught but cheek by jowl and cunning greed;  
The part you've played in like proceedings  
In your own behalf doth dim my record  
In support of wrong—as does a pestilence  
The memory of a stomach cramps induced  
By eating corn, or green persimmons.  
That I have done much wrong I do admit,  
With much of sorrow and contrition bowed.  
Unconscious of the trend, I've helped  
To lay the viper eggs that hatch great trusts  
And villain syndicates, which freely feed  
Upon the Nation's tender vitals,  
Like vampire bats, wing soothing as they draw  
The life blood from their weary victims.

Received retainers have I from the State's  
Despoiler's; fill'd weak banks and greedy ones  
With gold, bond purchased for the purpose,  
Under plea of needed coin reserves.  
Promoted love of wealth insatiable,  
In all ways helping me to get a part  
Of it, and have not scrupled use in aid  
Of Courts defending many robberies.  
But all these ills compounded into one  
Are but as little flaws in my long drawn  
And checkered life, compar'd to those  
Promoted by your single self!

*Exit SHER. and CLEV.*

## ACT II.

*Enter HUNTINGTON.*

HUNT. It is distressing for a man of my  
Account to be compelled thus nose around  
And court the favor of a jackal pack  
That's ghoulish in its greed for further raids  
Upon the substance of the common herd;  
But, then, I must secure some valid help,  
For this obnoxious strike does worry us  
And stills all conscience, while my wits do work.  
The only hope I have, it does appear  
To me, is through old Olney—witty cur—  
To Cleveland's fierce but duller judgment.  
This attorney sure will serve us well,  
As we from nothing made him what he is  
And can undo him with a single breath.

*Enter OLNEY.*

HUNT. Glad to see you, Olney. Any news?  
Where does Cleveland stand in this great strike?  
What is his mood to-day? And what says he  
About the brewing storm? And what about  
The use of Federal troops to put it down?  
Will he espouse our cause with that blind force  
Of human will that totters empires in  
A day? Has he the nerve to stand the storm  
Of wrath exuding from the common herd,  
And all the fiery ordeal he must pass  
In calling on the troops to stand between  
The strikers and the moving Pullmans?

OL. Be assured, good friend, that all is well.  
Your utmost wish has been anticipated.

You should have learn'd my cunning ere this time;  
In fact, the fat retainers given me  
By you and your prolific people,  
With promise of far richer spoils to come,  
Concludes me in the faith of this assurance.  
You know the President is but a child  
In state affairs. He's like a buzzing wheel  
Of solder spinning round unsteady base,  
While segments of the rim are flying off  
At tangents, as events do press him onward—  
No boat more insecure without a rudder,  
Wind-scudding through a lashing sea of foam,  
Than is the ship of state, with Cleveland at  
The helm, unaided by my ready hand.  
With Bissell's mail conveying order for  
A mudsill, I have built a structure that  
Will stand the storm of this upheaval.

So move your trains just as you wish them; go  
"In usual and the ordinary way,"  
With Pullman cars attached, and we will see  
No harm befalls you through unlawful raids  
Of these rough strikers who are food for dogs.  
Gird up your loins with much of faith and hope,  
Good friend, and leave the rest to me; I'll have  
The troops on hand whenever needed for defense,  
And on pretense of moving all the mails  
We will protect your hated Pullmans.  
And be assured of this, for if the worst  
Should come, the bayonet shall be our first  
Defense, then Spencers will play havoc with  
The crowd. If these will not let blood enough  
To satisfy, we'll let the Gatlings and  
The cannon loose for better execution,  
And when the brush is over you can sue

The towns and cities for all damage done,  
And get for carrying supplies and troops  
Some millions more of Uncle Sam's hard cash,  
And so when final settlements are made  
The railroads will be ahead and have  
Their battle fought and won against the clans  
Of workingmen, to their distressed undoing.

HUNT. Good friend Olney, keep your word and be  
Assured of a reward magnificent.

We must put down these ranting union curs;  
We cannot suffer them to gain a point.  
Should they succeed in this supreme effront,  
These domineering dolts would damn the land,  
Dictate what kind of men we should employ,  
The wages we should pay, what cars we run,  
Tie up the moving commerce of the state,  
And chaos come to every enterprise.

With this great contest won, no more we'll see  
This hydra-headed monster starting up  
At every turn we put upon the screws,  
Designed to bind these ugly, selfish men  
Within the lines subjective to our will.  
And then, again, dear Olney, if you can  
But help me pass my little funding bill,  
The wealth of Ormus or of Ind is yours.  
Our grip will be renewed in all the land.  
The Western Coast will be content to "do  
Our will"—to take what taxes we may mind  
To pay, grumble not at transit rates, and leave  
To us the courts and Legislature.

OL. Very well. I will obey commands of yours,  
Considered now almost omnipotent;  
And as retained by your munificence

Every branch of this great Government  
Shall hinge its action on your pleasure.

*Exit.*

SCENE II.

*Enter DEBS.*

DEBS. We are undone; the strike is surely lost.  
God help us and our country's waning cause!  
Labor, writhing, bleeds beneath the iron heel  
Of corporate and concentrated wealth.  
Hope hath her pinions clipped by usury;  
Distress has settled down upon the threshold  
Of a million homes, and other millions  
Tramp the streets and dusty highways.  
Countless willing hands are idle now,  
Great want we have where plenty should prevail,  
While dumb the nation stands and paralyzed,  
And hovers on the brink of revolution.  
One hope alone is left in all this chaos  
Of despair. One thought should move each mind  
And nerve the heart for final contest—  
The ballot yet is left us. Through it  
We see the beacon light of better days.  
A revolution peaceful and serene  
By it may be effected. Who will grasp  
The opportunity before it passes?  
Let the little bickerings of the Nation's  
Workers cease; burn from your bitter souls  
The dross of selfishness; let unity  
Of action be our ringing watch-word call,  
And then with faith in God and man, and use  
Of Ballots, we shall surely win this fall,

And save the Nation from the ruin  
Now everywhere impending.

SCENE III.

*Enter CLEV. Enter NEWSBOY.*

Morning Herald! Latest 'count of 'lection.

CLEV. *reads.* "New York, November seventh, ninety-four.

One hundred Populist Congressmen  
Elected from the South and Western States;  
Seven Governors and Legislatures,  
Same stripe, insuring as many Senators  
For People's Party in the coming Congress,"  
O, great Cæsar! Where is thy brazen shield?  
And almighty hand that smote the Romans,  
Give me nerve for such portend occasions!  
This rough raid against my policy  
Must backward move, or ninety-six will see  
These robbers running this great Government!  
So, by the great eternal, I will smash  
It with an iron hand, or—best perchance,  
It is to use John Sherman policy.  
"To be, or not to be," is now the burning  
Question. Perhaps this hungry, scurvy crew  
Of nondescripts can be seduced  
By favors from my purse or patronage—  
At all events I'll try it on.

[*Writes.*]

Here, Ned! Be quick, and take this note to that  
Old ranting rancher, Jerry Simpson.—  
This does surely let me down an inch or two



In my conceit, to eat black crow at my  
Own table, hot swallowed and repulsive!

*Enter SIMPSON. (Aside.)*

I wonder why I am thus call'd to this  
Detested presence? Perhaps the late elections  
Paved the way to Grover's stony heart?

CLEV. Glad to see you, Mr. Simpson; take  
A seat—but why in thunder came you here  
All sere and sockless as a strutting stork?  
Had you but mentioned your disparity  
I would have sent you some of my best silks.

SIMP. No offense intended, your excellency,  
But as to living in your musty hose,  
I'll simply say I'm better housed at home,  
Unless, perchance, I go fishing down  
To Buzzard's bay and need an ample tent.

CLEV. Pray let that pass with wine and nuts  
For two, and down to urgent business.

SIMP. “Let them pass with wine and nuts for two,”  
Old socks, with wine, perhaps, 'twere good for you,  
But my poor stomach will not take such draughts.  
What's this great business boom and so portend?

CLEV. Well, laying jokes aside, I wish to know  
If you would like an English mission—  
One to Germany; or if the Russian  
Eagles suit you better, just say the word.  
They're all submissive to your pleasure.

SIMP (*Aside.*) Well, did you ever. No, I never!

CLEV. What, friend Simpson, think you of my offer?

There's not a man in this broad, sunny land  
Who would not tumble to it all at once.

SIMP. Did your father die with rabies?  
And was your mother witch-burned?

CLEV. How dare you talk so lightly of my kin?  
If 'twas not for this damn'd diplomacy—  
Observed in all affairs of state—I'd kick  
You tumbling from my injured presence.

SIMP. No reflection was intended—only this:  
I could not well account the parents of  
A son like you to be right-minded,  
Or having souls of good intent, so large  
As spider woof, or chigger feet.

CLEV. Then are you so insane as thus to jeer  
At my prodigious offer? O, ye Gods!  
What fools thou makest of some people!

SIMP. Say, Cleveland! What the devil are you  
Driving at? You seem to take me for  
A cur, that thinks of naught but falling crumbs  
And venison haunches half consumed!  
You call me friend, when all the friendship now  
Between us could be heated by a polar  
Glacier. This you know; and yet you have  
The cheek to offer me a shining place  
In that magnanimous way the devil  
Offered Christ possession of the world!  
I see your brazen purpose; 'tis a bribe  
To break this hold upon my people  
And stay their growing hopes of some relief  
From God and honest human effort.

You wish for me to go and kennel with

The hounds of old perfidious Albion,  
Wear knee pants, full frills and powder'd hair;  
Bend obeisance to sham shuttlecocks,  
And lick the hand of rotten royalty.  
No, never, while my name is Simpson!  
I'd rather live upon my mortgaged farm;  
Plod the turning furrows for my bread;  
Pay usury to help the greed of man,  
Than wear the velvets of an aping snob.  
My people sent me here to aid their cause,  
To check the hellish current of your laws,  
And back destruction's roll upon destroyers.  
My country's cause is mine, my conscience is  
My guide, and may the harpies hang me  
When I shirk or budge an inch from duty.  
With eyes half open you should plainly see  
The coming doom of those who plot and thwart  
The public will. Honored hast thou been  
Above all hope of common men, and yet  
An ingrate art thou—coldly plotting for  
The favored few, while want and ruin's  
Running riot in the gaping land.  
God rules, and, like His raging storms, full bred  
In foul and stagnant air cycloning all  
The filthy plague spots from the reeking earth—  
So thou, great wonder of compound conceit,  
Shalt surely feel, full-forc'd, the drifting scourge  
Of public scorn, and chaos come to all  
Your schemes and shameless villainies.

*Exit SIMP.*

CLEV. Zounds! If this does not amaze me much!  
A sere and sockless hay-seed, cradled in  
The western blizzards, toiling daily for

His stinted bread, in fields of corn all split  
And splintered up by driving storms of hail;  
With zero for a bedroom, brac'd about  
With dung heaps running to the ridge pole,  
Refusing with disdain an English mission  
From my generous hand! Perhaps I do  
Mistake these sturdy people? Can it be  
That virtue hath a hold on men thus bred  
And born in want and mortgaged homes,  
Above the price of gold or stately hold?  
If this be so, and all the toiling  
Millions of the land should reach the meat  
And inwardness of these fine schemes of ours—  
Well seasoned for the men who feast and rule—  
Pandemonium would break out in spots  
As big as sovereign states, and woe betide  
The small and greater rascals of us all!  
But then why cower at such disorder'd thought,  
Some there may be of this Simpson kind  
Who value honor more than shining place.  
But sure the gall and grit of all the world  
Would make but few *such* hide bound fellows.

*Exit* CLEV.

SCENE IV.

*Enter* VOORHEES.

VOOR. This surely does beat Wabash butternuts!  
To think that I have crawled so far in slime  
And filth to sate the lustful power of one  
whom I detest in every move he makes!  
But, like Golgotha—lore of ancient Jew—  
There is a strange oppressive spell that holds  
The will of everyone who passes by

The bust and hoo doo head of Cleveland.  
But then, I've gone so far in eating dirt  
My master calls upon me thus to swallow,  
That should I stop to vomit now, the world  
With all its gaping jaws, would know the part  
I've played in this unpleasant business.  
And so I'll keep my counsel to myself  
And gang me further homeward.

*Enter HILL. (Runs up against Voorhees.)*

HILL. Hello, stranger! Who are you, thus prowling  
In this gloomy wood so late at night?

VOOR. And you, who keeps me butting company?

HILL. Just lost my way in passing through this place.  
And may the devil take us both if there's  
Design or any mischief in our blood!

VOOR. No mischief prone in me of any kind;  
No more than in a lonely suckling dove  
That's hunting for its truant mother.

HILL. Then on this theme we are agreed,  
But who are you in name or deed?

VOOR. Long Dan, a senator from the Wabash.  
Now, may I know your name and place?

HILL. You should remember Hill from Gotham old.

VOOR. And so we meet as if by chance, and since  
We do thus meet, pray let us have a talk  
About our pique and little differences,  
And try regain the friendship once we knew.  
And to begin, I'll ask quite pleasantly,

Why do you drub me with your stinging tongue  
Whenever you can make a run upon  
The President; in faith, I do but grin  
And chuckle every time you slaughter him.  
To save the party I have stuck to this  
Old fraud through thick and thin and taken  
All the prods and gads and jeers of hate  
From every cutting tongue, and thus impal'd  
I've walked the Senate floor, and in the streets,  
Like a lion wounded in defense of that  
He hates, and scowls at all observers.  
In favoring schemes and selfish ends of his,  
I've ruined all my future hope of place.  
So on the Wabash all my power's gone;  
Friends once counted dear do turn upon me  
With a glare which says as plain as words,  
"What next do you design in villainy?"  
I gave my aid in striking silver down  
To sate the greed of this great monster.  
Detested always have I stocks and bonds,  
And yet in haste did I excuse Carlisle  
For issuing them. Cleveland wished my aid  
And so I gave it like a slave regarding  
Nothing but his master's stubborn will.  
I have upheld the Wilson bill, as one  
Large fraught with Democratic principle,  
When, in fact, it is a patchwork of  
Concessions, dovetailed in together with  
As many cuts and colors as the rainbow,  
And now as void of justice as the devil  
Holding court to judge a wayward soul.

HILL. Well, Dan, in truth, with all my heart I do  
Forgive you, as I wish to be forgiven.

Circumstances held you down before  
That hope destroyer, till faith no longer lives  
For him who has betrayed a sacred trust.  
You know I've hated Grover Cleveland as  
The devil does a holy sacrament.  
I will admit the chief degree of gall  
Was pour'd into my cup two years ago,  
When he did rob me of my rightful  
Nomination, now my hope is gone,  
Because he's left no rallying point  
In all the chaos of Democracy.  
And so I have declared in every case—  
Save, of course, that hypocritical  
Episode so recently on the boards.  
Bill'd there to fully boost me back into  
The party's lead and thinning ranks again—  
The canvass now is on for ninety-four,  
And we are out the field of politics.  
The race goes hot between the rotten G. O. P's  
And sanguine Populists who ranting run;  
But since old Tammany can never get  
The lion's share of spoils the present year,  
We'll have to skulk in camp, while watching wait,  
And live on Gotham blood and little windfalls.

VOOR. Well, since old Wabash seems with Weaver's  
crowd,  
I'll leave my party in its shroud  
And go that way as well.

*Exit* HILL and VOOR.

## ACT III.

*Enter LAMONT and CLEV.*

CLEV. Glad to see you, Dan. How prospers now  
Your drills and mobilizing of the raw  
Recruits. A crisis seems to be at hand,  
And we must be prepared to choke it down.

LAM. The army's safe as frozen cider,  
But this election news is very bad.

CLEV. How so?

LAM. Have you not heard reports now coming in,  
Relating how some dozen States have gone  
To Weaver's ilk, insuring to his clan  
Election and the loss of place to all  
Who hold them now, including some control  
Of Senate and the House, and two years hence  
Will see *you* boosted from your chair *unless*  
The army aids us all in holding it.

CLEV. O, great gospel of the holy prophets!  
Do you tell me truly? And if so,  
What provision shall we make to thwart  
The purpose of these ranting lunatics?

LAM. 'Tis true as heaven's everlasting law  
That no effect can come without a cause.  
As to the *course* we should pursue in this  
Emergency I will say, with anxious care—  
Companion and stepmother of discretion—  
We can with ease control the rising tide.  
But first: confusion worse confounded must  
Be wrought by punching up to boiling heat  
The foul fag ends of hate and party feud,



And egging on the servile press to breed  
A doubt within the public mind as to  
The count in every State, where pretext can  
Discover ample way. We have, you know,  
Some blanket dailies yet remain with us,  
Which strike the licks that ring around the world;  
And then the weekly town, and *Rural Press*  
Is mostly in our hands, all purchased with  
Cheap ads of stocks, and nostrums, notes  
On banking, finance news and charity  
Gifts by plutocratic cormorants—  
All prepared to order by our agents.  
With these great aids combin'd in our behalf,  
Wisely used in casting doubt upon  
The votes returned from sources other than  
Our own, clash will come the public mind  
And cleave asunder honest men, who wish  
Always to guard the right, but, when deceiv'd  
And wrought to heat by fakes and cunning lies,  
Do battle for the wrong with nerves of steel.  
And then will chaos come, and if we do  
Not lose our mother wit we'll win the fight.  
The hand-to-hand contest that we shall have  
To meet will be a struggling, howling mob.  
Half crazed by rum and gnawing hunger. Then  
With brazen cannon set in every street,  
With stomachs loaded full of shot and shell,  
We'll leave no place but death or gaping hell  
For those who dare to stand before them.  
The army proper, fifty thousand strong,  
Well drilled, is ready now for action.  
The country's quotas now are coming in,  
Full fifty thousand more, disciplined  
On the road, which I shall hold reserve

In fort and camp for this emergency.  
With lavish hand we've used the money  
Meted out to us, upon those raw recruits;  
And then, by special dispensations,  
Lined we the pockets of commandants  
With these bright eagles, until love of gain  
Has sapped the soul of patriotism  
And left but bones and skin as cover for  
A whitened sepulcher, wherein did dwell  
The heart's enthroned divinity.  
For, as you know, this shining gold will gnaw  
The conscience out of every one of us,  
As does a cancer eat away the flesh  
Of one who struggles with a deathly grasp,  
Until his body rots in its embrace!  
So, in this swim of life and living well,  
These God-like men have devil turned  
Beyond control of common decency,  
And with their belching guns and spears in hand  
Will coldly cleave asunder friend or foe  
Who dares obtrusion on their mettle.  
The forts around this city are secure,  
Full provisioned, guns well trained,  
With shot and shell sufficient for a siege.

CLEV. Good report, my loyal secretary!  
Now, buckle on your armor for the fray.  
Ends well all things well ordained.  
How long this strain will last no one can tell;  
But when the break-up comes, as come it must,  
Be sure our fortunes move upon the flood  
As onward float we on this turbid stream,  
Or else the eddies near the shore  
Will find us helpless circling with them.

And now, farewell, till out of chaos comes  
Subjection to my will, and rule supreme  
Over all these warring elements.

*Exit LAM.*

CLEV. (*meditating.*) And so the game is set, and I must  
roll

For all the pins, and if I miss the mark,  
My head may roll from off my shoulders!

*Re-enter LAM. (excited.)*

LAM. Your excellency, our cause is lost.

CLEV. Lost?

How dare you tell me such a tale as this,  
When just a moment since you said that all  
Was well and everything on top? And now  
You say our cause is lost! What ails you, man?  
Fright has surely taken all your wits  
Away, or else I can but call you mad.

LAM. Yes, mad, and lost beyond redemption!  
For full two years we've both been worse than mad,  
We've run at large while madmen should be lock'd  
Beyond the call of harm; but being mad  
And loose, we have, for lust of power,  
Maddened sixty million people, who  
Are now to be aveng'd for ruin wrought  
By us, to fiends or devils turned.  
And so the streets are full of wild-eyed men,  
All struggling, yelling come they up to this  
White mansion, full intent to take us hence  
For swinging rope or bloody guillotine?  
And then, again, it does appear that God  
Has so ordained it that the soul of man  
Shall break from shining shekels when the test

Does come between betrayal of the rights  
Divinely planted in each human breast—  
The love of home and largest liberty—  
And men with cunning measures meting out  
Destruction to all rights and forms and laws,  
By themselves dictated and imposed.  
And thus the raw recruits on which we did  
Depend for aid in this emergency  
Have, as one man, ignor'd this volunteered  
Subserviency, and from the smoldering  
Embers of their early love of home and truth  
Have kindled up a fire, that greater grows  
Behind each flying spark of precious time,  
And in this swimming rush of discontent  
The heavy jaws of fate are closing back  
Upon our hopes and forms like earthquake cracks  
Upon lost victims, sifted in them.  
And so the fruit of all this hellish work,  
More bitter than the gall nuts from Aleppo,  
Press our pallid lips for tasting.

CLEV. Is this handwriting on the wall like that  
Belshazzer saw? It looks that way just now.  
The seas of want and hate are running high,  
And all the tides at once seem striving for  
The topmost roll, as on and on they come,  
While stand exulting devils chuckling in  
The breakers nearer shore, awaiting there  
To gather in another crop of fools.  
It cannot be that we are lost in this  
Amazing strut of cranks and trades and long  
Haired yeomen, lately so much cowed  
That you could kick them in the streets like curs.  
And send them howling to their dirty holes.

Lamont, I wish to know where are those men  
With minds prodigious, trustful, great and true,  
Whom I have chosen for my counsellors?  
I need their aid to help me bind a load  
Of retribution on the backs of this  
Unyielding people, till they cry aloud  
For peace and rest from many ills by me  
Inflicted on them for their jeering hate  
And disobedience of my sov'reign will  
In all affairs affecting this great state.

LAM. Most of them have made provision for  
Themselves. A Wall street banker gives Carlisle  
The second place for favors and support.

CLEV. Devilish cheap for such subserviency!

LAM. The trusts have given Olney great retainers;  
The G. O. P's. have Gresham in their fold again;  
Hoke goes cotton planting down in Georgia;  
The howling hayseeds in the woolly West  
Have stripped poor Morton to the tender skin,  
And now he's bathing in his wife's great tub  
To get the tar and feathers off of him;  
Brave Herbert's got the Charleston out to sea  
To rid himself of your good pleasure;  
Wilson's bad digestion of his tariff bill  
Has given him the gripes; Dan Voorhees' corpse  
Was found this morning floating in the river,  
Lashed on lengthwise to a Wabash sapling,  
There being no more schemes of greed to hatch,  
Or corporation pipes to lay along  
The lonesome avenues of ruin'd trade.  
John Sherman's waddled off to Canada  
With all the boodle he can carry.

And so your excellency and myself  
Are all that's left of that great clan of men  
Who tried in vain to hold a nation down  
By blasting, as with fire and racking scourge,  
Each growing hope or prospect of relief,  
That we might ride, rough shod, with gad and spur,  
The hag of fortune over it.

CLEV. Get out with all your rot! I'll have no more.  
Betrayed me, have you, as a dog deserts  
His master in the midst of howling wolves?  
I will not yield! There's nothing lost to me  
That this strong arm cannot recover.  
God rules the seas and circling universe,  
But not more surely than I rule this people.  
Woe supreme may shadow all the earth,  
Hell gnaw out the solid bowels of  
The rock-ribbed hills, and burn to dross  
The Alps, the Andes and great Everest,  
But all these ills compounded into one  
Shall not deter me from my onward course  
In this great game of rule or ruin.  
Expectant troops await my coming now  
In fort and field. I will assume command  
As Cæsar did on like occasion—  
Break through this seething mass of maddened men  
With shot and shell, and show the gaping world  
A hero never yet surpassed!

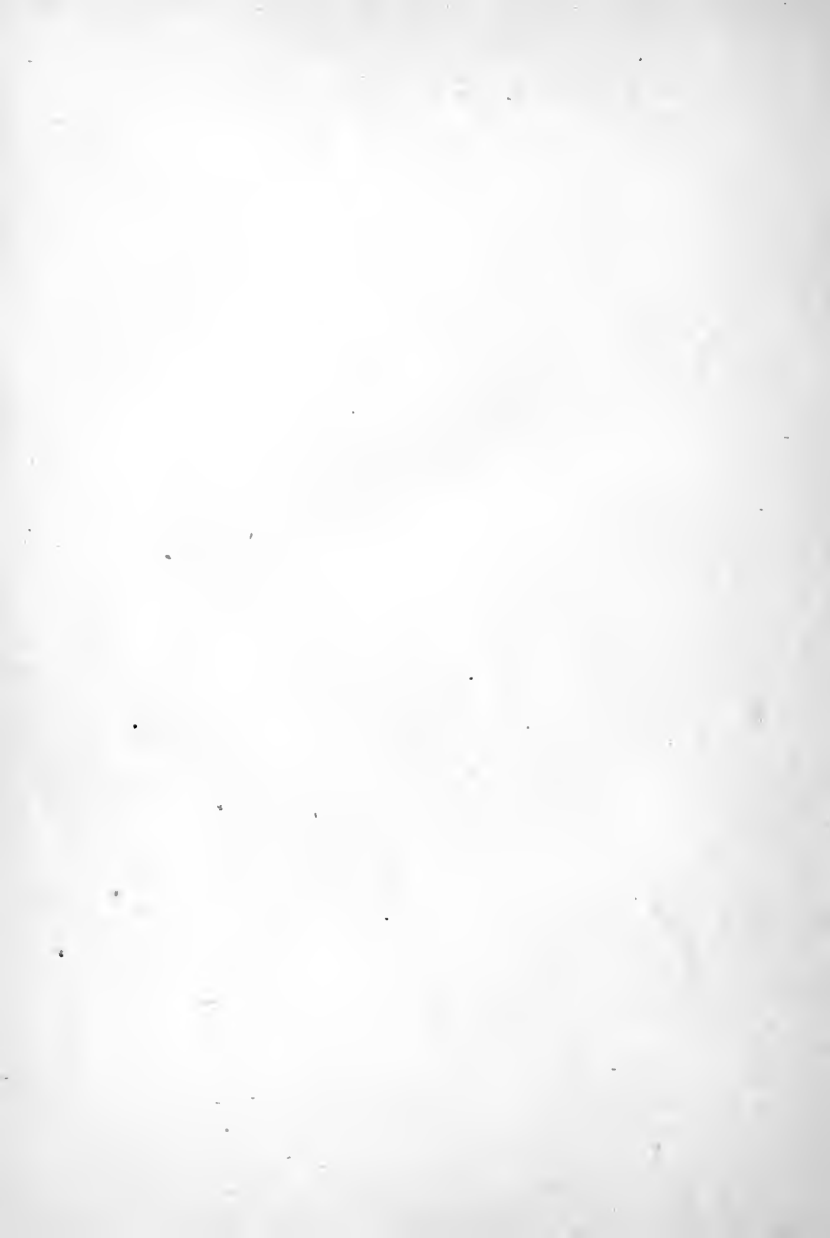
LAM. Too late your fervor comes to stay the tide.  
Of human wrath, that sweeps upon us  
Like a raging sea, relentless, 'round  
A shiyered vessel in midocean.  
These jarring walls their purpose do portend,

Like bloodhounds on the track of some great game,  
Long baffling them in hot pursuit of it.  
Do now, with lolling tongues and panting breath,  
Cavorting, yelp and bay around a hole  
In which the monster has found lodgment.  
And thus it is with thy commanding self.  
So, if no way of exit can be found,  
You will surely swing to Hades from the arm  
Of injured Justice, long by you defied.

*Exit LAM.*

CLEV. With all my ponderous weight of gall,  
I must admit, in truth, that I have been  
An aping fool—fed on presumption born  
Of mind disordered by a tickled sense  
Of great importance, strutting as a king  
Supreme, and lost to all discretion!  
I've sought to lead in schemes outspoken  
When common sense would call an honest man  
To follow in the wake outlined by Truth  
On every day of my conceited rule.  
I've warmed a viper in my breast that's stung  
Me deathly. Now, there seems no certain cure  
Or antidote to take away the sting.  
And so just retribution finds me here,  
Undone, disgrac'd, alone in grief and fear,  
With some returning sense of conscience lost.  
So now, with not a mourner by my side,  
I go to dregs and endless infamy.  
And if I can to find a crack or hole,  
That I may pull in after me.

[THE END.]





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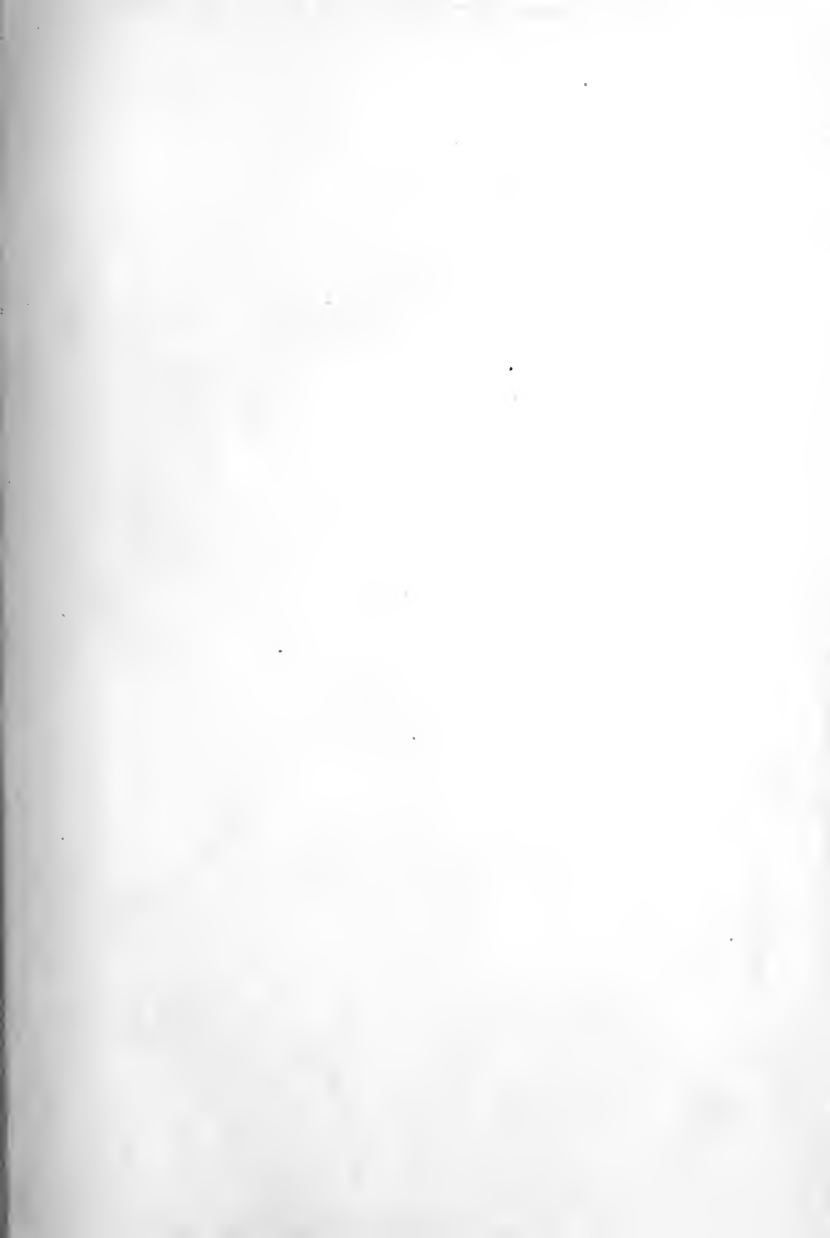








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